

THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

GERMAN RESPECT FOR THE MONROE DOCTRINE

AS NO OFFICIAL ANSWER has as yet been made by our Government to the recent diplomatic assurance of Germany's intention to respect the Monroe Doctrine, we can judge of its effect upon American sentiment only by the response of the American press. This response, as far as we have yet been able to judge, is rather lacking in enthusiasm. The New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, it is true, characterizes the German assurances as "gratifying and important," and the New York *Evening Post* remarks that it is "wise of the Germans to make it clear that they have no thought of seeking South-American territory in the event of their conquering the Allies," since "there is a great deal of loose talk going the rounds to the effect that we shall 'have Germany on our necks if she wins.'" The same paper adds: "Every assurance which she can give that this will not be her policy, if it is based on something more definite than 'a scrap of paper,' will be to her advantage." This qualifying afterthought recurs in many editorial columns. Thus the Brooklyn *Eagle*, after reminding us that "this country has never received from any foreign Government an explicit recognition of the Monroe Doctrine," goes on to say that "diplomatic pledges, in view of recent events, are not so reassuring as might be expected." And the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* thinks that "the Kaiser's disregard of treaties has caused all the nations of the world to be 'from Missouri,' so far as promises from the Kaiser's Government are concerned." The New York *Journal of Commerce*, while remarking that "any official German utterance which implies recognition of the Monroe Doctrine must be regarded as having an important bearing on the relations between the two countries," also reminds us that "the unofficial voice of Germany, particularly that of its professors, has been steadfastly hostile to the Doctrine." The neutrality of Belgium, says the New York *World*, was "a European Monroe Doctrine upheld by the chief Powers, including Germany." But to *The*

World and other papers that cite Belgium's unhappy experience as illustrating the value of German promises, *The Times-Picayune* replies:

"It is only fair to recall that Germany has sought to justify the violation of Belgian neutrality upon grounds that could scarcely be pleaded to defend the breach of a promise to respect the Monroe Doctrine. It is not easy, at this time, to conceive how aggressive projects threatening the integrity and independence of American States could be supported as 'measures of absolute necessity.' The sincerity of Germany's official assurances respecting the Monroe Doctrine may be accepted, we think, as freely as like assurances from any other Power under like circumstances. There is no reason to suspect that the Kaiser presently harbors sinister designs against the peace or independence of American States. His attention and that of his counselors is wholly occupied by other and more pressing issues. Nor does there appear cause for fear that his triumph over the Allies would be swiftly followed by aggressions against the Americas. Even if she conquers, Germany will have had her fill of war for the time. A season of rest and recuperation would have to precede any fresh struggle against a powerful and unwearied opponent."



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AMBASSADOR VON BERNSTORFF.

Who assures America that Germany contemplates no colonial expansion in the Western Hemisphere.

The immediate cause of this discussion is found in recent statements by Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, formerly German Secretary for the Colonies, and Count von Bernstorff, German Ambassador at Washington. In the course of a speech in Newark, and in a subsequent interview, Dr. Dernburg said that, no matter what was the outcome of the present European struggle, Germany would respect the Monroe Doctrine, and that assurances to this effect had been communicated to Secretary Bryan by the German Ambassador. Inquiry at the State Department resulted in the information that, on September 3, Count von Bernstorff, in a note to the Department, "stated that he was instructed by his Government to deny most emphatically the rumors to the effect that Germany intends, in case she comes out victorious in the present war, to seek expansion in South America."

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The Monroe Doctrine, it will be recalled, served notice on the Powers of Europe that "we should consider any attempt to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety," and that we should consider "any attempt to oppress Governments on this side of the water whose independence we had acknowledged as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition to the United States." After an interview with Ambassador von Bernstorff a Washington correspondent quotes him as confirming Dr. Dernburg's interpretation of his note, and as saying further that "a German invasion of Canada for a temporary foothold on the American continent would not be a violation of the Monroe Doctrine." When interviewed later in New York by a representative of the *New York World*, he said:

"If the Government of the United States wants assurances from Germany that in the event of victory she will not seek expansion or colonization in North America, including Canada, and also South America, Germany will give the assurances at once. Germany has not the slightest intention of violating any part or section of the Monroe Doctrine. Please make this as emphatic as you can and state that I tried, to make it emphatic as earnestly and sincerely as I could.

"We have already laid before the Government of the United States an official note stating that Germany would not seek expansion in South America. North America was not included because it never entered our minds that any one could conceive that we had such intentions. But now that the question has come to the fore we shall gladly give the assurance in any form desired.

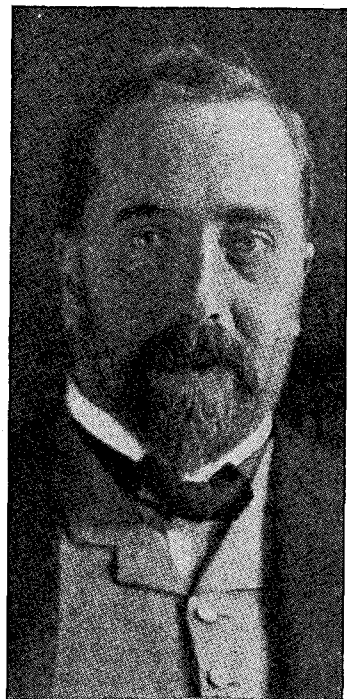
"Let me tell you, too, how this question came up. I did not invite it. It was the result of the publication of an interview in Washington with me of things I did not say. Erroneous inferences were drawn for which I am not responsible.

"Referring to our declaration about South America, a correspondent put this question to me, 'How about Canada?'

"To that I merely replied that Canada itself had violated the Monroe Doctrine by making war on Germany, and had thus placed herself beyond the protective influence of that doctrine.

"I did not say and I had no thought of conveying the inference that Germany might seek to take advantage of this violation ultimately to possess herself of the Dominion in the event of victory coming to her arms. I make this statement at this time in order that the American people may thoroughly understand the attitude of the German Government."

Germany's attitude was further explained to a representative of the *New York Sun* by Dr. Dernburg, who is recognized as Germany's chief spokesman in America. He said:



DR. BERNHARD DERNBURG,
Germany's leading spokesman in this country, formerly Colonial Secretary. He makes the important point that Count von Bernstorff's statement recognizes the Monroe Doctrine "in so far as the doctrine can be recognized."

"According to my understanding of the situation, Germany will not only avoid taking, or attempting to take, any territory in South America in violation of the Monroe Doctrine, but will extend [its principles to all of Canada, in spite of the fact that Canada has placed herself beyond the pale of American protection by sending troops to aid England against Germany.

"In other words, Germany seeks no territorial expansion whatever in either North or South America."

Asked whether the von Bernstorff note constitutes a formal recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, Dr. Dernburg replied:

"Altho the statement made by Count von Bernstorff does not recognize in so many words the Monroe Doctrine, my interpretation of the matter is that it does recognize the doctrine in so far as the doctrine can be recognized. I mean that the doctrine is not written in such a way that it is possible to recognize it formally, and it has not been the custom of foreign Governments so to recognize it. But the spirit of the Count's statement implies a recognition of the doctrine."

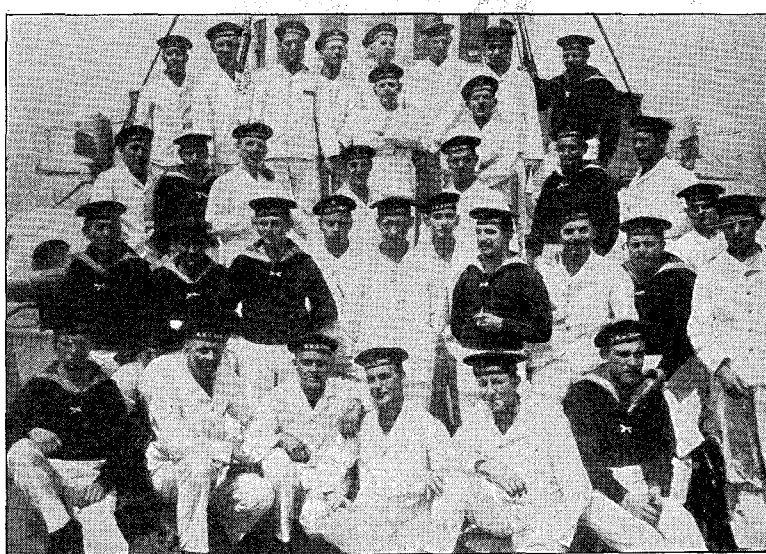
Some of the most piquant comment on these statements centers around the German renunciation of Canada. The majority of our papers appear to agree with the *Brooklyn Eagle* that "the right of Germany to attack Canada is as undebatable as the right of Canada to attack Germany by adding her military resources to those of

Great Britain." The *New York World* remarks tersely that "should German troops ever invade Canada, the application of the Monroe Doctrine to the specific case will be defined in Washington, not in Berlin." "There is nothing in the Monroe Doctrine which covers such an emergency as the invasion of Canada," admits the *Albany Knickerbocker Press*, but it goes on to say, "for the benefit of Dr. Dernburg and Count von Bernstorff," that "in case of an invasion of Canada by Germany, were such a thing probable, the American people would begin discussing something more serious than the Monroe Doctrine."

The Monroe Doctrine was never meant to apply to Canada, thinks the *Philadelphia Press*, in which we read:

"The maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, to which this country stands pledged is a pretty heavy contract, but we have hitherto interpreted it in respect to the weaker countries to the south of us. That it involved us in any obligation to throw a defensive shield over Canada and incidentally over the whole British Empire—for the interests of its parts as belligerents can not be separated—is an extension of the Monroe Doctrine that this country will hardly feel ready to accept. . . .

"That European Powers shall not inter-



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GUNNERS OF THE EMDEN.

The swift and daring German cruiser that has done about \$4,000,000 of damage to British shipping in Far Eastern waters since the beginning of the war. One of her latest exploits is the sinking of a Russian cruiser and a French destroyer in the harbor of Penang, which she entered disguised and flying a Japanese flag.

fare with the political affairs of the American continent is the gist of the Monroe Doctrine. When a portion of this continent does interfere as a belligerent in the affairs of Europe it is manifest that the Monroe Doctrine can be applied to her case with difficulty by a nation desirous of keeping the peace."

Until Great Britain's Navy is completely swept from the sea, remarks the *Boston Transcript*, discussion of the invasion of Canada by the Germans is "decidedly academic." But

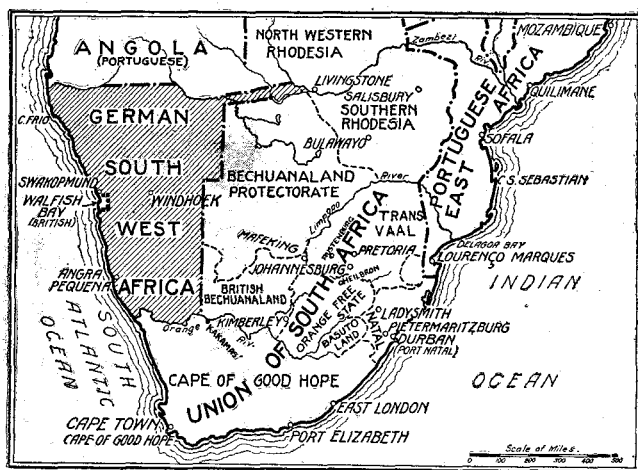
"It is only fair to say, however, that in the event of Germany being able to undertake to bring the Dominion within the range of its armies and fleet, there is nothing in international law or military propriety to prevent it from doing so.

"Count Bernstorff only stated a military truism when he asserted that Canada is open to German attack. He need not make its contribution of troops to the British Army a condition precedent to its exposure to hostilities. Nor is it plain why he felt called upon to give any warning to the Canadians or any intimation to the United States that the issue of 'Monroeism' could be raised by any development of the European War. It would have been more tactful for him to allow events to speak for themselves in their own time. He may be sure, that should a German army invade Canada for any wider purpose than mere 'military occupation,' 'Monroeism' in its most militant aspect would immediately raise its head in this country. If we are to have new colonial neighbors we reserve our right and will insist on our right to choose them for ourselves."

"Canada is not skulking in the shadows of the Monroe Doctrine," declares the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and the *Springfield Republican* agrees that "the Monroe Doctrine has no more to do with the case than the binomial theorem." But the *Springfield* paper goes on to say:

"Speaking more broadly out of a much greater knowledge of North America than of Europe, it might be helpful to point out that no European Power could ever invade Canada without causing a tremendous commotion and arousing the keenest apprehension in the United States; and that, too, is said without the slightest reference to the Monroe Doctrine. Canadians and Americans have been living in North America together for some three hundred years, and they will be living here side by side for at least three hundred years to come. No European Power should ever attempt to conquer Canada without carefully weighing the probabilities of having the United States to conquer at the same time; and this is offered as a purely academic contribution to a subject as remote in its character as one pleases.

"Yet what far-reaching effects may not be imagined as coming possibly from Canada's participation in the wars of the



FIELD OF BOER UNREST IN AFRICA.

The anti-British revolt of Colonel Maritz was crushed at Kakamas, the Colonel being wounded and his men driven north into German southwest Africa. The first hostile act of the more serious uprising under Generals Beyers and De Wet was the rebel seizure of Heilbron, in the Orange Free State. Later, General Beyers was put to flight at Rustenburg in the Transvaal.

British Empire. The first step was taken in the Boer War, when the Dominion sent a contingent to the battle-fields of South Africa. Now Canadians, by throwing their military weight into the wars of continental Europe, are laying the foundation of issues which may be dismissed as remote, yet which in time, perhaps, will leave their marks upon history."

MORE BOER REVOLT

NO SOONER is the rebellion of Colonel Maritz in northwest Cape Colony crushed and his little army of one thousand men driven across the border into German southwest Africa than another and apparently more serious revolt against British rule breaks out in the Orange River Colony



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BOER LEADERS ESTRANGED BY WAR.

On the reader's left is General Christian De Wet, who in the latest Boer rebellion leads the rebel commandoes in the north of the Orange Free State. On the right is General Louis Botha, Premier of the South-African Union and commander of the loyal forces. Standing between them is General De La Ray.

and western Transvaal, under the leadership of General de Wet and General Beyers. This outcropping of rebellion in three separate parts of the Union of South Africa, remarks the *Newark News*, should give Premier Botha "ample opportunity to test the loyalty of his people" and the validity of his assurances that disaffection among the Boers of the Union is confined to a small minority. Recalling that General Beyers resigned in September as Commandant-General of the Citizen Forces because he regarded his command as a purely defensive organization, and therefore disapproved of the action of the Government in ordering it to invade German southwest Africa, *The News* remarks:

"There is nothing in the dispatches to indicate that Beyers and De Wet are parties to any such German conspiracy as was alleged in the case of Colonel Maritz. If the new revolt means merely a refusal to support an aggressive campaign against the German territories in Africa, it loses a good deal of its significance. The fact that Premier Botha has tried to check the rebelliousness of Beyers and De Wet without bloodshed hints at the possibility that this is the real purpose of the revolt."

"There is no reason to believe that the new revolt will very seriously embarrass the British Government," thinks the Wash-

ington *Evening Star*, which sees in the quick collapse of the Maritz rebellion evidence that the majority of the Boers are loyal. The *New York World* is also inclined to minimize the seriousness of the situation for Great Britain. Other papers, however, think that the prestige of General De Wet's leadership is likely to make the new revolt a matter of grave concern to the British authorities. Thus we read in the *Philadelphia Press*:

"No more formidable Boer strategist and commander than De Wet could be picked to lead a revolt in South Africa. His masterly tactics during the later phases of the Boer War in 1900 and 1901, when he had the greater part of the seasoned British South-African Field Force on his heels directed by none other than Lord Kitchener himself, are already history. They chased him over most of South Africa for months and never did catch him. He knows the vast veldt stretching from the Orange River and the Basutoland border up beyond Pretoria as he knows the palm of his hand, and he is a past master in the art of organizing as well as in the tactics of guerrilla warfare."

It would be idle to question the influence of the two rebel Boer leaders, remarks the *New York Sun*, which goes on to say:

"Memories of De Wet's exploits at Sanna's Post and Reddersburg and of the capture of a British camp by Beyers at Nooitgedacht will shake confidence in the ability of the Government of the Union to put down the rebellion quickly. Lord Buxton's assurance that 'the very great majority of the citizens of every province of the Union are thoroughly loyal' would be more convincing if he did not nervously promise immunity to those who have been guilty of 'disobedience under the Defense Act.' What impends in South Africa is a civil war among the Boers and British population, with the Government fearful that the defection of De Wet and Beyers will draw large numbers of Boer veterans into the field in repudiation of a peace that was forced upon them at Vereeniging. Reconstruction is in danger. England must place implicit confidence in the loyalty and leadership of Premier Louis Botha, who has assumed command of the Citizen Forces, and Gen. Jan Smuts, the Minister of Defense."

Twelve years ago General De Wet made peace with the British Government, taking part in the peace negotiations in London in 1902, and writing a book on the Boer War which closed with these words:

"Loyalty pays best in the end, and loyalty alone is worthy of a nation which has shed its blood for freedom."

TAXING US FOR EUROPE'S WAR

THE EUROPEAN WAR has brought many evils in its train, but none of them, as a Brooklyn daily observes, "strikes the American people in the pocket-nerve as does the war-tax." And we are beginning to pay it. Some of the taxes went into effect on October 23, the day after the President signed the War Revenue Bill, others on November 1, and the rest follow on December 1. Among the last group are the stamp-taxes, which will affect the average "man on the street." The bill is expected to raise \$90,000,000, and is strictly a temporary measure, as all the taxes will expire on December 31, 1915. In the Congressional debates, as the *Salt Lake Tribune* (Rep.) recalls, the necessity for raising this money was disputed, the Republicans claiming that there was no excuse for it, "or, if the money is really needed, that it is because the Tariff Law caused the deficit. Consequently they voted against it to a man." The Democrats, however, "charge present conditions in the country's finances up to the war in Europe and let it go at that." Now that the law is actually on the statute-books, Democratic opinion may be represented by the *Louisville Times*, which says:

"The bill, on the whole, will be accepted as the best to be devised under the circumstances. It is not going to increase the cost of anything that the average man can't do without. Nobody wanted it, but nobody will have to contribute materially to the revenues it is expected to raise unless he so desires."

"The country is prepared to accept it philosophically as a war-tax, which, quite conceivably, might have been made more burdensome. It may further be predicted that the majority of the voters will agree with Mr. Wilson that it would have been worse had we been operating under a Republican instead of a Democratic tariff, since there is no getting away from the common-sense reasoning of his statement to Mr. Underwood that 'the import duties collected under the old tariff constituted a much larger proportion of the whole revenue of the Government than do the duties under the new. A still larger proportion of the revenue would have been cut off by the war had the old taxes stood, and a larger war tax would have been necessary as a consequence. No miscalculation, no lack



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BELGIAN ARMORED AUTOMOBILE AND TRAIN THAT MADE BRILLIANT SORTIES FROM BELEAGUERED ANTWERP.



WOUNDED BELGIANS CONVALESCENT AND RETURNING TO THE FIRING-LINE.

UNVANQUISHED VICTIMS OF THE WAR.



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HIT BY NINE BULLETS.

of foresight, has created the necessity for the taxes, but only a great catastrophe, world-wide in its operation and effects."

Opposition papers either admit that the Administration can not be held accountable for the need at this time to raise emergency revenue by special taxation, or repeat the assertion of the tariff's large responsibility for the deficit. The schedules as finally adopted of course receive their share of criticism. According to the *New York Press* (Prog.) the Democrats "tried their best to bungle the emergency revenue measure into all sorts of absurd and preposterous shapes, but somehow did not succeed, as usual, in going the limit." The tax on bankers displeases the *Brooklyn Times* (Rep.), because it "is a tax on thrift." The chief fault the *New York Journal of Commerce* can find with the law "is its multifarious and complex character." "It might have been made much simpler and briefer, providing for the needed revenue at much less cost for mere collection."

This war-tax is divided into four schedules: an excise-tax on liquors, a tax on tobacco, flat taxes on certain special businesses, and a stamp-tax. The tax on beer and other malt liquors, which the *New York Sun* considers the principal feature of the law, levies \$1.50 instead of the \$1 previously imposed by law. Still wines and champagnes are taxed. The tobacco-taxes which took effect November 1 tax all dealers doing a business of over 50,000 pounds. There is also a graduated tax on tobacco-, cigar-, and cigaret-factories running up to \$2,496 a year for concerns turning out over 20,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 40,000,000 cigars, or 100,000,000 cigarettes.

Certain special businesses are taxed as follows: Bankers must pay \$1 on each \$1,000 of capital surplus and undivided profits employed in business. Security brokers pay \$30; pawnbrokers, \$50; commercial brokers, \$20; custom-house brokers, \$10; commission merchants, \$20; proprietors of theaters, museums, and concert-halls pay a tax varying with the seating capacity; circus proprietors pay a flat tax of \$100; other public exhibitions or shows for profit pay \$10; Chautauquas, agricul-

tural or industrial fairs and exhibitions under religious or charitable associations are exempt; bowling-alleys and billiard-rooms are taxed.

The list of articles which must be stamped is very long. All bonds, agreements of sale, promissory notes, real-estate deeds, entries of goods at custom-houses, insurance policies, voting power or proxies, and various certificates required by law are taxed. Every telegraph or telephone message costing over 15 cents costs the company and the sender 1 cent; freight and express packages must carry a 1-cent stamp; sleeping-cars and parlor-cars are taxed 1 cent; passenger tickets by sea to foreign ports are taxed.

Perfumery, cosmetics, and similar articles, among which the new law mentions "any essence, extract, toilet-water, cosmetic, vaseline, petrolatum, hair-oil, pomade, hair-dressing, hair-restorative, hair-dye, tooth-wash, dentifrice, tooth-paste, aromatic cachous," are all taxed at a rate varying with the value of the package. Chewing-gum and substitutes for chewing-gum are likewise taxed, and certain wines not otherwise taxed by this law must pay a stamp-tax.

This "war-tax" law was the last important piece of legislation enacted at the long and busy second session of the sixty-third Congress which was in session for 326 days, breaking the previous record by twenty-five days. Some of its other important acts are thus noted by the friendly *New York World* (Dem.):

"The second session passed the Federal Reserve Act, revising the Banking and Currency laws.

"Repealed the exemption clause of the Panama Canal Act, thereby imposing tolls upon American coastwise ships.

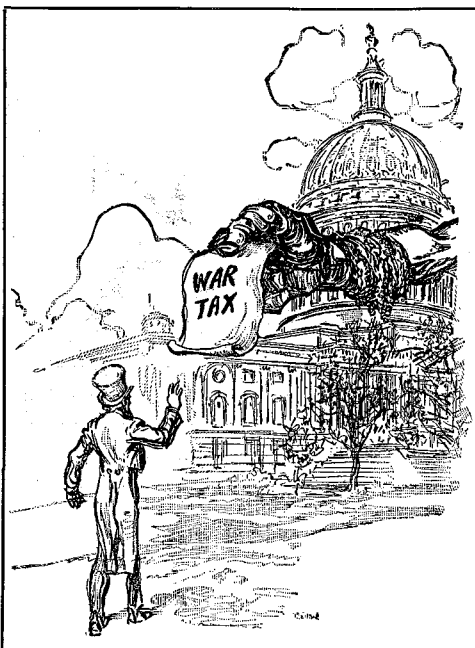
"Passed the Clayton Antitrust Act, supplementing the Sherman Antitrust Law, making guilt personal.

"Passed the bill creating the Federal Trade Commission.

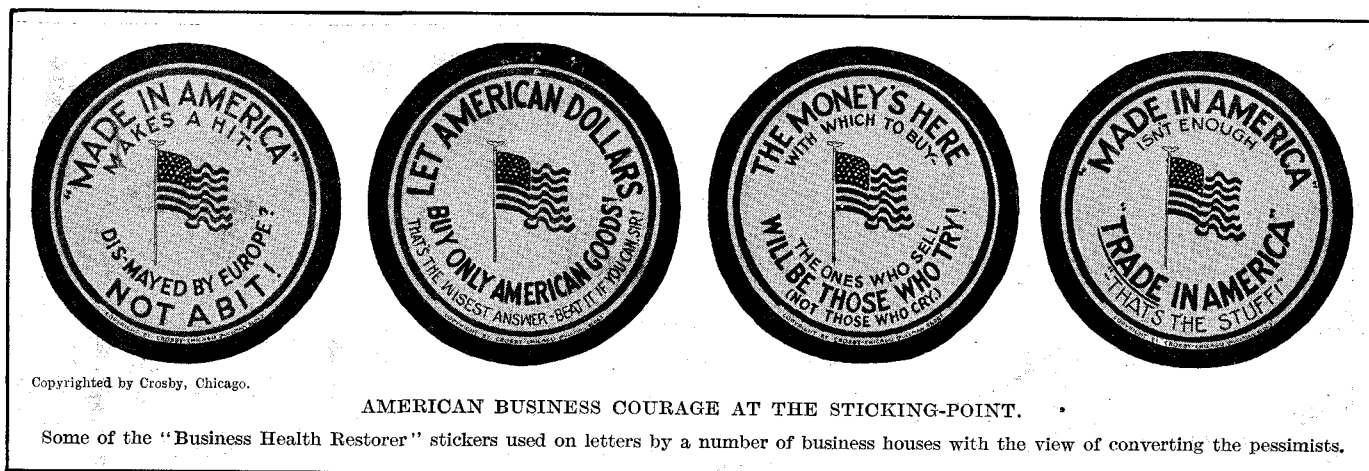
"Provided \$35,000,000 for a Government railroad in Alaska.

"Provided for the American registry of foreign-built ships.

"Ratified twenty-six arbitration treaties."



PEACE HATH HER VICTIMS NO LESS THAN WAR.
—Cesare in the *New York Sun*.



THE "MADE IN THE U. S. A." CAMPAIGN

THE HOME as well as the foreign market is kept in mind by our Government, our bankers, our manufacturers, and our merchants who are planning to sell goods "Made in America" in all the territory temporarily forsaken by Germany and the other belligerents. If some of our editors have their way, the word "imported" will lose its charm for American shoppers, and only goods "Made in the U. S. A." will be featured in shop-window and advertising column. True it is, as one points out, that this home market is for the moment better protected against foreign competition by war than by any tariff. Many things, of course, we must now make here, or go without. But we are urged to extend our efforts and plans beyond the present emergency, and manufacturer, merchant, and consumer are told to unite to create a permanently broader home market for American-made goods. So we see the arrangements in New York and Chicago for great "Made in U. S. A." exhibitions. The Rotary Clubs have adopted "Made in America" as their slogan; "the sooner we all get on this footing of domestic trading the better it will be for general prosperity," says one prominent member quoted in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. Members of the Housewives' League are stamping "American Goods for American Women" on their correspondence. The "Buy-a-bale of Cotton" idea has been extended to almost every species of goods produced here. A Louisiana company is preparing to revive two industries at once by selling Louisiana sugar packed in cotton bags direct to the consumer. Individual trades and trade centers are showing much activity. Paterson, N. J., for instance, gave an exhibition recently, calling attention to the fact that it is the world's greatest silk-manufacturing city. The *New York Commercial* takes this act as a text for an eloquent plea for the use of American-made

products, which is typical of the argument made by the "Made in the U. S. A." campaigners. To quote:

"Imported goods are scarce and dear, and the patriotic movement to increase the consumption of cotton goods in this country should lead the people to appreciate the high quality and good value of practically everything that is made in the United States.

"Paterson has put the silk industry under the spot-light of publicity this week and deserves all the credit and help that the press can give it. American mills make and have for years made the best weaving-silks in the world. The industry has been so developed that our silk-mills compete in foreign markets in some lines of manufacture. If the public will demand and pay for better dress silks than have ever before been woven, they will be forthcoming. Fancy prices are paid for imported silks that our mills can duplicate and surpass at less cost if women will get over the 'imported' craze. The finest silk hosiery sold in the best shops in Paris and London is made in America. The only satisfactory silk linings for men's overcoats and clothes are made in America.

"Men may not be more patriotic than women, but they are less prejudiced. Men buy domestic products because they are better and cheaper. Mechanics prefer American-made tools, because they are better made, better balanced, and handier than those of England and Germany. Men buy American shoes because they possess style and quality not equaled abroad. Woolen and worsted goods for men's wear have been perfected in durability, finish, and fast coloring to a point at which they surpass imported lines, and tailors and clothing-merchants have practically ceased talking about imported fabrics, most of which were made in this country anyway.

"If women could be made to realize that the country which has produced the best yachts, the best machines, the best agricultural implements, the best pianos, and the best vehicles in existence, can show equal superiority in making almost everything else, they would be as proud of home products as are the patriotic women of France. An American woman would not put a pair of foreign-made rubbers on her feet. She has learned that American rubbers are incomparably superior to all others in style and quality. The same is true of many other things,



but she shuts her eyes to the fact. . . . All that our manufacturers ask is an equal chance. If our women gave it, our domestic trade would be still more flourishing. . . . Any woman would see the point if foreign cook-stoves, bath-tubs, house-furnishing goods, and builders' hardware were placed side by side with American products. Why not dress-goods and other things as well?"

"Why not?" rejoin some of those to whom such pleas are addressed. "Simply because we can get better value for our money by purchasing foreign-made goods." And the thoughts in the minds of these possibly mistaken people are reflected in a few editorial paragraphs in the *New York Telegraph*, which has collected some instances of the sort. Such utterances are at least useful in showing our manufacturers that it is high time for them to remove any doubts in the minds of the consuming public about the reliability of their wares, and the present campaign will undoubtedly do much in this direction. The *Telegraph* writer avers that the very existence of the "Made in the U. S. A." movement "is a damaging criticism of American-made goods." For,

"If this country's manufactured products compared equally, or even favorably, with those of Europe, there would be no need to coax her citizens to buy them.

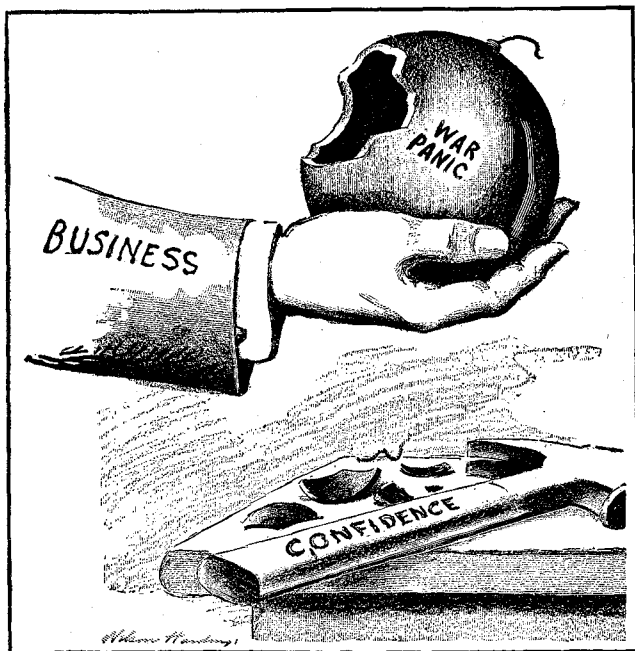
"Take silk hose, for instance. Those made in America are worn most generally, because of the prohibitive price of the superior hose manufactured in Europe. At the slightest provocation the American stocking will drop a stitch. This loose stitch will run, collecting others in its flight,

And, like the baseless fabric of a vision, . . .
Leave not a rack behind.

"The European stocking is an economy because of its durability.

"Then there is the American glove, which invariably splits at the thumb or middle finger when drawn on in any but the most painstaking manner. It costs two and three times as much as the European glove, which Americans are always making a point of buying in large quantities when they are traveling abroad.

"French and Swiss underwear is not only beautifully embroidered, but well cut. American lingerie of the same price



NOTHING IN IT.

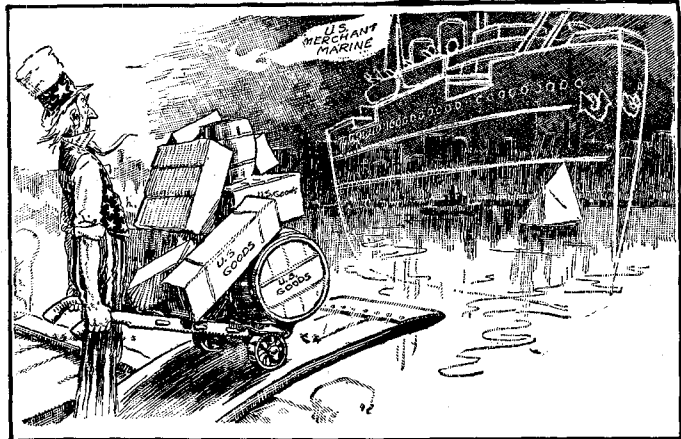
—Harding in the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

is machine-made, poorly fashioned, and often possesses many unfinished details.

"These examples of inferiority are taken from the ordinary necessities of existence to show that, in producing the articles which have the largest markets, the American manufacturer has proved himself unworthy of the high protection so long afforded him by the tariff on imports. His shortcomings are even more flagrant in goods requiring greater skill and artistry."

LAYING SNARES FOR FOREIGN DOLLARS

WHILE IT IS TRUE that war's demands have stimulated a large export business, yet we are warned by acknowledged authorities on trade matters that the European struggle "has not brought us a lottery prize," but has imposed upon our business men "a hard job," in which "it is



THE FANTOM SHIP.

—Bradley in the *Chicago News*.

up to us to make good." South America, for instance, deprived of intercourse with Germany, looks to us, and lucrative opportunities are reported for American exporters in China, Japan, and India. But we are not ready, it seems, to step right in and sell these people everything they want and all we have to sell. It is a banking and transportation problem as well as a manufacturer's opportunity. We must provide credits, rearrange the exchange system, and furnish ships. At least such is the deliberate opinion of men who have devoted their lives to the development of great businesses and who can speak of financial and commercial problems with the authority of expert knowledge. Our Government and our great banks are sending out trade missionaries throughout that part of the world which remains at peace, as the editor of the *Portland Oregonian* notes. Business men have been meeting in conventions and at dinners in New York, Chicago, and other cities and giving serious consideration to speakers who tell them how to extend trade abroad, bring large profits to themselves, and make their country the leader in the world's commerce. While nobody suggests a complete Germanization of our trade methods, the zeal, the industry, the scientific study of markets and salesmanship, and the insistence on quality of output that characterized the German commercial crusade, are repeatedly and earnestly advocated. At a New York Merchants' Association dinner, Mr. Charles M. Pepper, a former trade adviser of the State Department, offered this condensed counsel:

"To reach the foreign consumer, it is necessary to know commercial geography—the commercial geography of the Orient, of South America, and of the Russian Empire. It is desirable to digest and apply the valuable information always to be obtained through the many sources which the Government possesses. It is also desirable to approximate credits. It is imperative to study the foreign consumer in his own environment and to sell him what he wants. In order to sell him what he wants, it is essential to show him the goods. To show him the goods, it is important to provide selling organizations, to put the handling of American goods in the hands of Americans, and, above all, to establish permanent exhibits in the leading commercial centers. All this requires cooperation, and cooperation of American manufacturers and exporters among themselves is the surest way to reach the consumers in the foreign fields."

On a similar occasion in New York, Mr. Alba B. Johnson, President of the Baldwin Locomotive Company, told an audience of large exporters that "Americans do not like to invest money abroad," but that "they must do it if they want to get

foreign trade." In a Chicago speech, widely and favorably noticed in the press, Mr. Willard D. Straight, of J. P. Morgan & Co., one of the foremost foreign-trade experts in this country, laid much stress on this point. We are the only nation whose finances are not affected by the war, he reminds us, and after it is over we may become a creditor instead of a debtor nation. At all events, says Mr. Straight, Russia, Chile, Brazil, and the Argentine "will need money for their development, and should offer attractive fields for American investment, and promise large returns for American industry if loans are granted on condition that the proceeds be expended in the purchase of American goods." Then there is our lack of a merchant marine, which, in the present emergency, "would have done so much to maintain uninterrupted shipping facilities with Europe and have enabled us to carry on our trade with neutral countries." In this connection it may be cheering to find Government reports disclosing, according to the *New York Evening Sun*, that owing to the transfer of foreign-built ships to American registry, our merchant marine is the greater by seventy-four vessels, representing 266,373 gross tons, acquired in the last twelve weeks.

Russia and the Scandinavian countries are reported to be calling for our manufactured goods. The great demand for cotton in Japan, England, Germany, and Austria may save the South, since Britain promises to let cotton cargoes go through to her enemies. Representatives of India and Japan call attention to trade opportunities for American manufacturers in those countries. The head of one of our great New York export houses declares that our best opportunities are now in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and, after them, the Far East, the Philippines, and the Dutch East Indies. South America, however, is the chief market discussed by our writers and speakers on foreign-trade opportunities. "South America

as Our War Prize" was rather fully discussed in one of our recent issues. There was noted in that issue the appointment by Secretary Redfield of a Latin-American Trade Committee. This committee of leading business men and financiers headed by President James A. Farrell, of the United States Steel Corporation, has recently reported. It sums up Latin-American trade needs as follows:

"First—The establishment of a dollar exchange, through the ultimate creation of a discount market, and pending the establishment of a discount market by the extension of adequate accommodation by banking institutions, and the establishment of reciprocal balances in the United States and in Latin America for financing Latin-American trade.

"Secondly—Perfection of our selling machinery by furnishing additional support to commission houses familiar with Latin-American business, by forming associations of merchants and manufacturers to be jointly represented in Latin America and by obtaining information as to the possibilities of developing retail stores in large Latin-American cities."

These conclusions are very generally approved by authorities like John Barrett, and by important newspapers like the *Atlanta Journal*, *Washington Post*, *Philadelphia Record*, and *New York Sun*, *Times*, and *Journal of Commerce*. The National City Bank of New York is the first bank to take advantage of the provision in the Federal Reserve Act, making it possible for national banks having over a million dollars capital to establish foreign branches. The operation of the branches being planned for Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro will, believes Mr. W. S. Kies, manager of the National City Bank's foreign-trade department, "in time make New York the money market for South America, at least to the extent that American bills shall be paid in dollars on New York and not in pounds sterling drawn on London."

THE WAR IN BRIEF

WHAT England needs is one of those Culebra slides in the Kiel Canal.—*Boston Transcript*.

SPEAKING of high churchmen, an English parson has just entered the aviation corps.—*Columbia State*.

ONE can still order Spanish omelet in a restaurant without starting an international riot.—*Washington Post*.

MODERN agents of warfare have evidently not rendered obsolete the practise of drawing a long bow.—*Columbia State*.

BELGIUM would feel better about it if she didn't face the possibility of being recaptured by the Allies.—*Houston Chronicle*.

BRO. BRYAN: Pax vobiscum.

BRO. WILSON: Tax vobiscum.

—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

ANTWERP, according to report, is expected to pay the salary and expenses of its German garrison—without being allowed the employer's customary privilege of discharging or cutting the wages of employees whose services are unsatisfactory.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

FRANCE is ordering big guns from Bethlehem, not Bethlehem of Judea, where the peace movement started, but Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THERE are 23,551 single women in the United States paying income tax—and all the foreign noblemen tied up in Europe!—*Wall Street Journal*.

THE action of the French authorities in commandeering all the taxicabs for army service was a master-stroke, everybody being familiar with their unequalled propensities for making fearful charges.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

How London must envy the Eskimos those six-months days!—*Columbia State*.

IF England had a land-going navy or Germany a sea-going army, things might be different.—*Chicago News*.

AND to think that the Kaiser once hung about ten feet of German decorations on Doc Eliot!—*Columbia State*.

SOMEBODY seems to have spread a rumor around in Ireland that Emperor William is an Orangeman.—*Boston Transcript*.

BRITISH-GERMAN Friendship Society in London has dissolved; just when it is needed most.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

THE change in the registry law has given the United States seventy-four more ships. It is impossible at present to estimate the number of international complications.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

WITH so many discarded LL.D.'s, D.D.'s, and Sc.D.'s lying about in Europe, it seems a pity that Americans should still have to work four long years for a mere A.B.—*New York Evening Post*.

THE German sleight-of-hand performers that pulled the Belgian hare out of the hat found it was a bulldog.—*New York Sun*.

THE suspicion deepens that Von Bernstorff was sent to Washington as the result of a deep-laid British plot.—*Boston Transcript*.

CHAUTAUQUAS are exempted from payment of the peace war-tax. There is nothing like having a friend at court.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

IRISHMEN are willing to concede that with one exception Belgium is the most unhappy country that they have ever seen.—*Boston Transcript*.



AS A FRIEND OF SCIENCE.

Bradley in the *Chicago News*.

American Sympathy in the War.—We have obtained from hundreds of leading editors throughout the United States expressions of their attitude toward the nations at war in Europe, and, at the same time, their reports of the sympathy of their communities. These will be summarized in an article in our next issue, presented without prejudice for the information of our readers.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

GERMAN VIEW OF AMERICAN SYMPATHY

THE DISAPPOINTMENT felt in Germany over reports from America telling of sympathy here for the Allies has been briefly told in cable dispatches. Now we have the German papers containing the letters from correspondents here breaking the news to the people of the Fatherland. The most forceful of these, perhaps, appear in the semiofficial *Kölnische Zeitung*, and are written by a correspondent in Washington, evidently a keen diplomat or skilled journalist, whose style is strikingly dramatic, almost un-German in its brief sentences, falling with the emphasis of the hammerlike strokes of a Dumas or a Jules Verne. Yet so at home in the language is the author that, with no ostentation, he ventures constructions that no one not a German would dare. His first letter deals with events leading up to the war. Then comes the actual clash of arms, and "the storm breaks in the forest of newspapers." He goes on:

"These were glorious days! . . . A holy wrath breaks over us, the *furor teutonicus*. All Germany flames up like a powder-mine. . . . Who is not for us is against us. And they were all, all against us, America the most furious. Search history as you will, you will not find a page that records the like of what appears in these days in the American press. They write with Indian arrowheads and for ink use viper's venom. Has ever one member of the family of nations ventured to employ against another such a mode of speech, especially when that other was locked in a most sanguinary strife?"

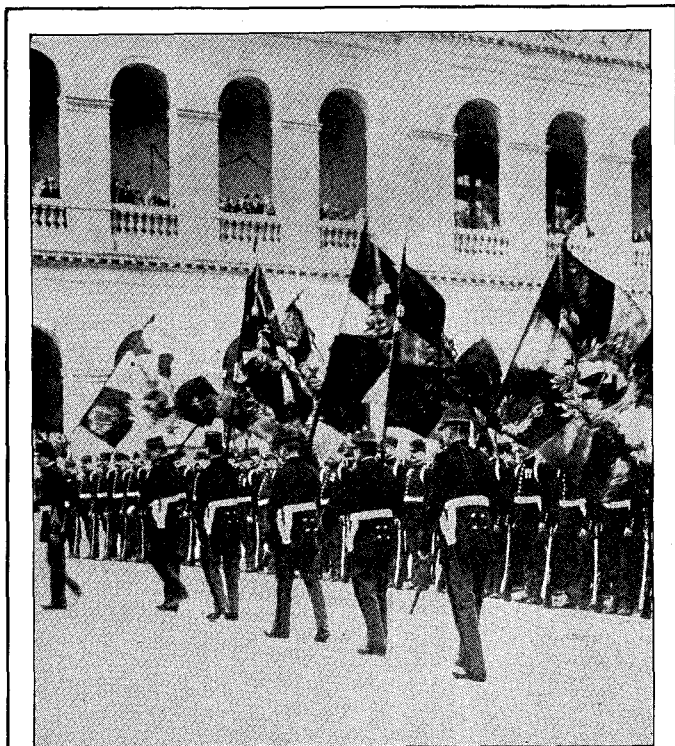
"And America is a neutral State! They won't understand Austria, they misapprehend Germany. The *New York Times* will never once learn the purport of the treaty between Germany and Austria in order the better to seize an occasion for hypocritical reproach. The double murder, the high treason, the dismemberment of an Empire—these were whisked away with a gesture as pure invention. The demands of Austria were not meant to be met, since no nation with a spark of self-respect can meet them. The participation of Austrian officials in a Servian inquisition is a thing unheard of."

But in a like case at home, the Benton case in Mexico, says the writer, the Americans, "the lone watchers over pure morality," had permitted something very little different. He then proceeds to report our press comment in terms that may be summarized thus:

"And Germany? Germany alone could have preserved peace if she would. But she would not, for during forty years she had armed for this day. In fact, she had created the occasion; the Vienna ultimatum was Berlin's handiwork!"

"And Russia? Why did she back Serbia? Why did she not give Serbia good advice? Why! of course she must stand behind her brother Slavs! Only Germany might not come to the help of

a related people—American morality could not brook that. And then Americans, with left-handed meaning, speak of the Kaiser as 'the War Lord.' And for the honest Yankee there is no more ghastly title than this. For it sounds better to play the peace waltz! On all the editorial organs they play now only one melody: Germany is the world's champion peace-buster (*Allerweltsstörenfried*), and when peace is broken the freedom of the people is beaten into fragments."



GERMAN TROPHIES IN PARIS.

Six German standards, taken during August, after being sent to President Poincaré at Bordeaux, were brought to Paris on the occasion of the President's visit to the Army and carried in triumph to the Invalides, where they were added to those already captured.

An editorial in the *New York World* beginning "Germany runs amuck" is quoted entire. And this comment is added:

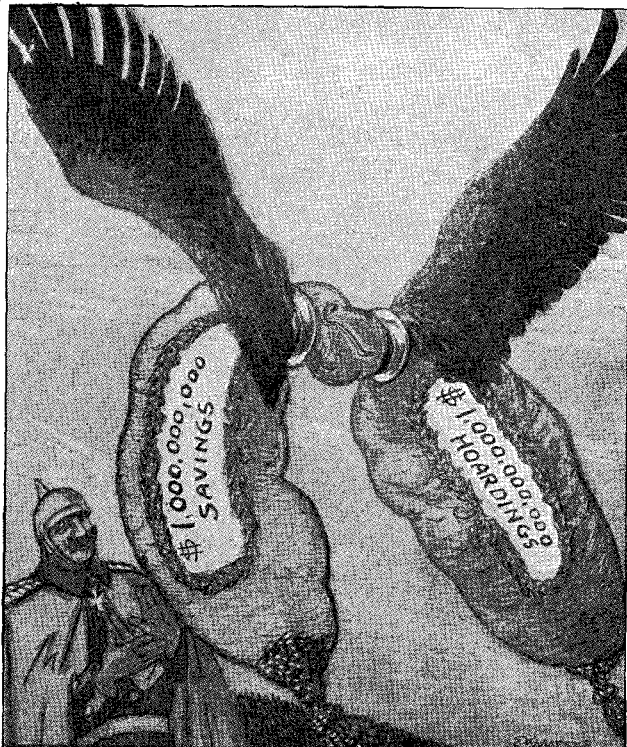
"In the cables—those that are really cabled as well as those that are written in New York; in the contributions from the estimable people—in these especially; in the so-called cartoons and the so-called caricatures; in the make-up of the reports—everywhere, appear hate and fury in so unrestrained, so wholly exceptional a guise that in presence of the fact one stands astounded. He can't grasp or apprehend it.

"There are wounds more painful than those made by an enemy's bullet; they are the wounds of the soul which wickedness inflicts.' So nobly spoke President Wilson over the bodies brought from Vera Cruz to New York. We have recalled with a lively—too lively—memory, these days, this sentence. And we had but one wish—rather an honorable wound from a soldier's bullet than to suffer longer this soul-martyrdom inflicted

by devilish wickedness. A land, a people, a nation, is the prey of the American vultures of the press. For these conveyers of culture there is no such thing as honor of country, people, or nation. Whatever is German is deranged and damned. In their eyes it is a shame to be a German. We sought to explain, to tell the story, why all happened as it did and as it must. To no purpose! The brand of Cain was on our brow, and it was almost dangerous to life to let oneself be seen with it. It was a burden to be a German.

"Yet no! It was not a burden. For the English blows were struck at a fourth of the whole American population—the German-Americans. And the Giant awoke! His indignation blazed out mightily, and he raised his voice in booming outcry. From the Statue of Liberty to the Golden Gate, from Lakes to Gulf, the people rose. And well that they did, for had it not been for the German-Americans, the hate in America of things German must in the end have brought a declaration of war on the Fatherland."

The latest communication from this source to the *Kölnische Zeitung* was written on the day after President Wilson warned Americans to observe the neutrality which he had publicly announced as the Government's policy in the present state of affairs. This declaration is quoted at considerable length, with those parts italicized which refer to the manner in which citizens are urged to observe the spirit as well as the letter of neutrality,



AN EXCELLENT PEOPLE.

WILLIAM THE WEALTHY—"What a people are mine! They send stockings to my soldiers, and then send me all that they have saved in the stockings!"
—© Uik (Berlin).



"ON TO LONDON!"

Or, the Suicide of the German Empire.

—London Opinion.

A DIFFERENCE OF PERSPECTIVE.

and which speak of partizanship as the most subtle, yet the most essential, breach of it. The letter then proceeds:

"Altho the President named no names, it was clear enough to any unprejudiced eye to whom this warning was address. The mad hate of Germans manifest in the greatest American newspapers, the remarks of distinguished people and of the 'man in the street,' speeches in the Senate, communications from the public in the daily press—all these expressions of the public understanding appeared clearly to point out whom the President had in mind when he issued this most unusual signal of danger. And what interpretation did the 'neutral' press give? All were of one opinion—the President's very timely warning was directed to—the Germans in America!"

Then an editorial from the *New York Times* is quoted, in which is emphasized by italics a sentence to the effect that "it is the German-American press and German-Americans" who are warned.

An article in the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, written from New York, is quite different in tone from the foregoing, has none of its bitterness and irony, and speaks in the heartiest terms both of the President's exhortation and of the punctilious care in political circles to observe neutrality. It notes that part of the press is unfriendly, and names *The Sun*. On the other hand it speaks of the tendency elsewhere to judge favorably the German cause, singling out *The Army and Navy Journal*, referring to an article which emphasized the Kaiser's peaceful proclivities. And it calls attention particularly to the painful impression made upon public opinion by the participation of Japan in the war, and to Secretary Bryan's expression of satisfaction with Japan's promise to maintain the integrity of China. Still another issue of this same paper quotes an editorial in *The World* to which the caption "A Friendly Suggestion" was prefixt, which warned the British Government that its treatment of contraband might cause unfriendly feelings in the United States. And a cable to *The Times* is also cited which suggests to England that it would be wise to alter its practise of halting and searching ships within the three-mile zone to capture prospective German soldiers.—Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

GERMAN SPIES IN ENGLAND

THE BRITISH DEFENSE against German attempts to perfect an information system in England is revealed in a press statement from the British Home Office. We learn of a crusade against the "German Secret Service" that has been constant for six years past and reached a climax with the outbreak of the war. Naturally the British press rejoice and are relieved. Some editorial observers even indulge in a certain humorous enjoyment of the situation, as, for instance, the *Manchester Guardian*, which remarks that "if it be not unseemly for a nation to chuckle during one of the greatest crises of its life, a vast chuckle will certainly go up from the British nation to-day when it reads the Press Bureau's report on the Government's way of dealing with German spies in England." At the same time, it must not be overlooked that the Home Office informs the public of its activity in this matter in order, as we read in the report, to allay "anxiety naturally felt by the public" and because secrecy can no longer be maintained "owing to the evidence which it is necessary to produce in cases against spies that are now pending." Five or six years ago, we are told, it was ascertained that the Germans were making great efforts to establish a system of espionage in England. As a counterstroke the Admiralty and War Office organized the Special Intelligence Department which acts "in the closest cooperation with the Home Office and Metropolitan Police and the principal provincial police forces." Furthermore, the report states that by the passing of the Official Secrets Act in 1911 the law on espionage was "put on a clear basis and extended so as to embrace every possible mode of obtaining and conveying to the enemy information which might be useful in war." As the result of the Department's industry, the report claims that—

"In spite of enormous efforts and lavish expenditure of money by the enemy, little valuable information passed into their hands. The agents, of whose identity knowledge was obtained by the Special Intelligence Department, were watched and shadowed without in general taking any hostile action or allowing them to know that their movements were watched. . . . Accord-

ingly, on August 4, before the declaration of war, instructions were given by the Home Secretary for the arrest of twenty known spies, and all were arrested. This figure does not cover a large number (upward of two hundred) who were noted as under suspicion or to be kept under special observation. The great majority of these were interned at or soon after the declaration of war."

How completely the spy system had been suppressed in the early days of the war, the report also tells us, is shown by "the fact disclosed in a German army order—that on the 21st of August the German military commanders were still ignorant of the dispatch and movements of the British Expeditionary Force, altho these had been known for many days to a large number of people in this country." But, the report urges in caution, despite the success the Special Intelligence Department has had, "it is still necessary to take the most rigorous measures to prevent the establishment of any fresh organization." The report speaks of effectiveness of the cable censorship and the postal censorship; and then mentions the blunter weapons against espionage forged in the Aliens Restriction Act and the Defense of the Realm Act. These statutes were enacted on August 5 and 8, respectively. The Aliens Restriction Act gives the police "stringent powers to deal with aliens, and especially enemy aliens, who under this Act can be stopt from entering or leaving the United Kingdom, and are prohibited while residing in this country from having in their possession any wireless or signaling apparatus of any kind, or any carrier- or homing-pigeons." Of the Defense of the Realm Act the report says that "espionage has been made by statute a military offense triable by court martial. If tried under the Defense of the Realm Act the maximum punishment is penal servitude for life, but if dealt with outside that act as a war crime the punishment of death can be inflicted." Finally, merely as a precaution against "conspiracies to commit outrage," we read that "about 9,000 Germans and Austrians of military age have been arrested and

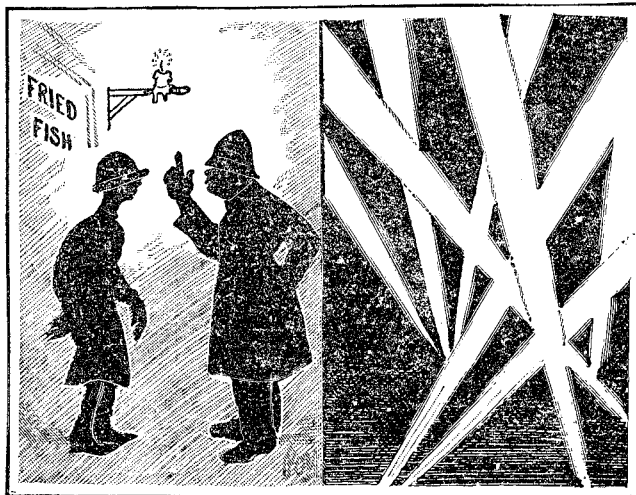
WHY GERMANY EXPECTS VICTORY

BETWEEN THE LINES of the German and Austrian press one can see an expectation of victory not based on the operations in France or Poland. Insurrections of peoples held in subjection by Britain, Russia, and France, the hostility of neutral nations angered by British interference with commerce, and dissensions among the Allies themselves are



FOR TREASON.

The degradation of Private Gruault. His description of the Eiffel Tower military wireless station, made for the Germans, fell into French hands while on its way through the mails.



THE LIGHTS O' LONDON.

Scene 1.

CONSTABLE—"Now, then, how dare you have a candle outside your shop? Do you want to show the Kaiser where London is?"

Scene 2.

London sky at night.

—Daily Mail (London).

are held as prisoners of war in detention camps, and among them are included those who are regarded by the police as likely in any possible event to take part in any outbreak of disorder or incendiarism." For a native opinion of the report we recur to the above-quoted Manchester *Guardian*, which says—

"There is, naturally, a touch of glee about the official report of this triumph of good gamekeeping. To have succeeded in keeping the poachers out at night for three years, letting them bag nothing, and then clapping them under lock and key, is enough to justify a certain measure of honest professional pride."

expected to appear soon and aid the Austro-German cause. No subject, except the progress of affairs on the fighting lines, is more frequently discussed than this, or with greater unison of expression, either in the news columns, the editorial pages, or even in the literary or magazine supplements of the German-Austrian press. History is searched and probabilities worked out, showing how dangerous is the situation for all of the Powers in the *Entente*, while the other combatants on that side, Serbia and Japan, are not without their own distractions. The expectation of Germany and Austria seems to be either that forces now in the European field will have to be withdrawn to protect and hold colonial possessions, or that these possessions will at least cease perforce to furnish troops for the contest in Europe. India, Egypt, South Africa, Persia, and Morocco are expected to burst into a flame of revolt that may decide the war. Then we are assured that nearer home England is raising up trouble for herself. Her complaints against Scandinavian countries are angering them, as are her attacks upon their commerce with Germany, as an abiding breach of neutrality. Her irritation about the pro-German attitude of the Scandinavian press is similarly leading to feeling that may bring untoward results. Holland also, and Italy (to the latter the *Kölnische Zeitung* devotes much space), are becoming still more aroused by the arrest of their shipping, the search processes initiated, and the removal of German and Austrian passengers. The *Hamburger Nachrichten*, *Pester-Lloyd*, *Frankfurter Zeitung*, *Berliner Tageblatt*, and the *Preussische Zeitung* allot much space to this phase of England's international relations. When to all these external troubles and to her full occupation at the seat of war there are added at

home the difficulties of providing a sufficient food supply, the embarrassment of unemployment, and the dangers and loss to her commerce by the German cruisers now loose, the case of England appears to the German press to be quite desperate and liable to cause her withdrawal from the contest before many more days elapse.

So far as France is concerned, her external difficulties are less only as her colonial dominion is smaller and less diversified; and at home, we are told, such embarrassments exist as a dangerous royalist agitation, which has even got into the Army; the exceedingly great need caused by unemployment and a straitening of resources, which so affects the population at large that many are actually starving. The situation is so bad that, according to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, a great deal of looting of their own wounded and dead is done by the French themselves on the battle-fields.

On the Russian boundaries all is not harmony. If Mohammedans are arousing themselves against England and France, their objective includes also Russia. She holds sway over twenty millions who profess this faith, so that Persia and Afghanistan are no less resolved to enter the lists against her than against the other two Powers. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* recalls in this connection the fanaticism and oppression of Russian orthodoxy. The net result is, so reports the Constantinople correspondents of the *Pester-Lloyd* and the *Berliner Tageblatt*, an outbreak of hostilities on the Russian-Persian boundary. Nearer home Finns and Polish revolutionaries are pictured as giving trouble, the former being engaged in actively opposing conscription.

On the other side of the field of conflict Serbia is finding her path anything but smooth, since New Serbia (the provinces gained by her in the Balkan conflict) is already in insurrection. And in the extreme East, according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung's* "unofficial" advices, the Japanese Government has to contend with a serious popular movement against participation in the war. House-to-house search has brought to light posters setting forth that Japan were better employed in concern with Manchuria and Mongolia than in pulling Great Britain's chestnuts out of the fire.

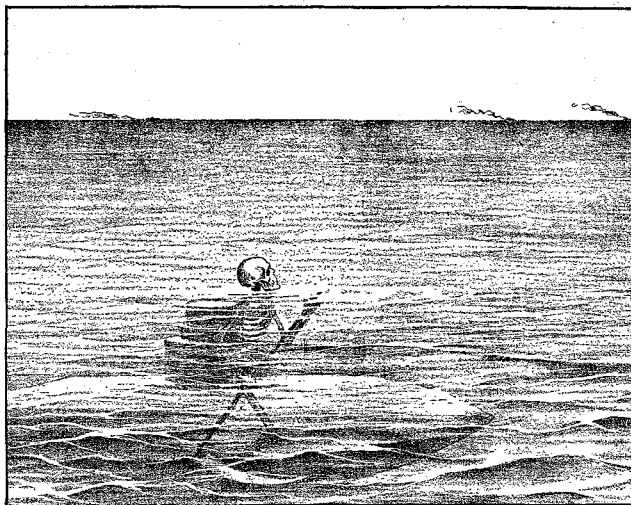
The *Kölnische Zeitung* and the *Pester-Lloyd* discern also the seeds of dispute among the Allies. Neither trusts the other—else why the agreement about making peace jointly? Pin-pricks contribute little to cordiality and good feeling. Such a one is the reported bad treatment of English journalists, whom the French staff kept jaunting from post to post ineffectively. And how little England trusts Japan is shown by her taking part in the Kiaochow offensive. "Surely a whole nation like Japan ought to be enough to take care of a little place like that and a few Germans."

The *Vorwärts* quotes the Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* to the effect that France cannot sustain a war of two or three years' duration. The *Gotenburger Handelsmann* predicts complete victory over France in two months, says the *Pester-Lloyd*. "As soon as Verdun is taken, the development of events will be rapid." "The spirit of the German Army is totally unaltered, while the French wait only the opportunity to submit." Thus conditions throughout the world are declared to point infallibly to German and Austrian success.—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

A ROD IN PICKLE FOR TURKEY

TURKEY'S ABRUPT ENTRY into the war may precipitate that punishment foreseen by a writer in the *Paris Figaro* as a result of her recent abrogation of treaty rights with regard to her foreign residents. The treaties with the Powers, by which foreigners were not liable to occupation taxes and by which offenses of aliens lay outside Turkish jurisdiction, are abrogated, foreign post-offices are suppressed, and the customs duties increased. When the announcement of this intention was made some of our American journals noted it with repressed irritation, as has been shown in these pages. But there is no such modified feeling in the tone of French comment, which may be said not unfairly to represent the point of view of the Allies. In the absence of an Oriental statement of the case we are confined to opinion on one side. Turkey hurls defiance at all Europe, says the *Figaro* writer, and he calls attention to the fact that even the Germans, the "patrons" of Emir Pasha and his clique, have sent a protest to the Porte "for form's sake." Europe has other cases just now, he adds, which prevent her from taking up Turkey's gauntlet. One thing is certain,

however, which is that "the Young Turks will lose nothing of what is coming to them because they have had to wait for it." The writer rates this party lower than Abdul Hamid, whom they overthrew by their revolution, because Abdul was at least frank in his hatred of Christians. Disguised with a thin veneer of civilization, he adds, the Young Turks fooled all Europe for a time. But some people soon awoke to the fact that in acquiring a seeming polish from Europeans they were only adding "one more lie to their original vices." In abrogating the capitulations, the writer declares, Turkey, as a European Power, has signed her



THE NEW DEATH.

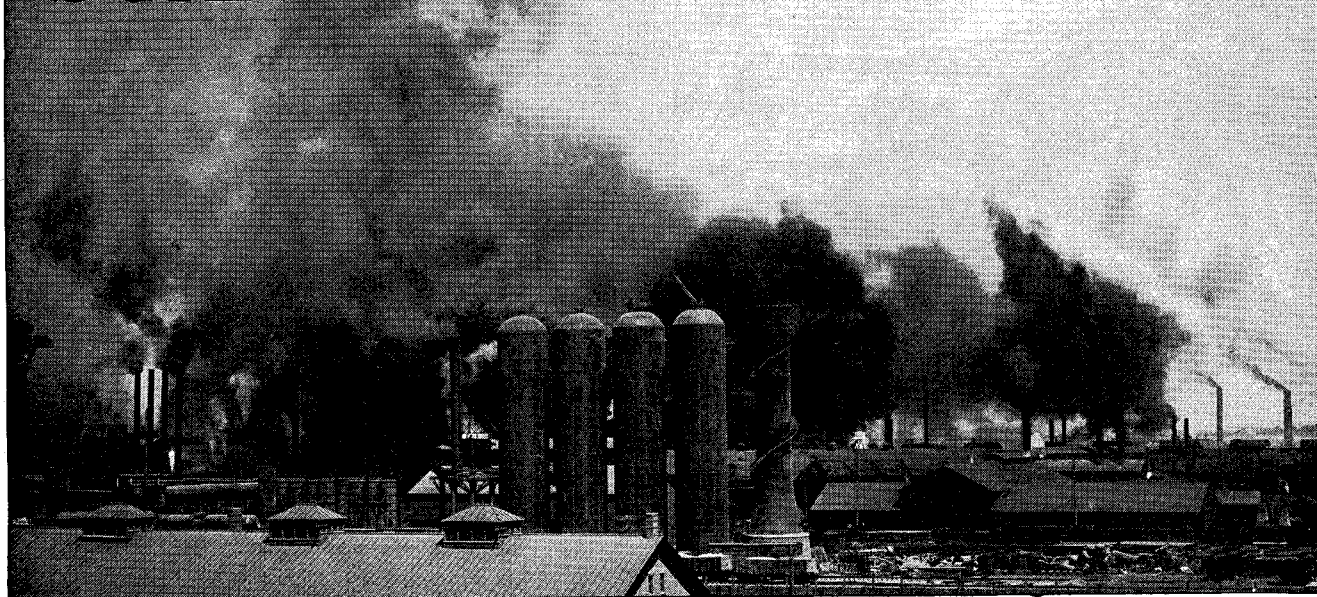
—Amsterdamer.

death-warrant. The warrant will be executed, we are told, while as an Asiatic Power the Arabians will see to her fate. That Turkey has mistaken the "patience" of the Triple Entente for "impotence" is the observation of the *Paris Journal des Débats*, which says that because of the war the Turkish Government has been permitted to commit various offenses without protest. But this failure to protest, we are reminded, is only provisional, and we read:

"Turkey has piled up provocations without having had to repent thus far. German generals have taken entire charge of the Ottoman Army, organized the mobilization, and reconstructed and armed the forts of the Dardanelles. Officers, engineers, laborers, and soldiers have come into Constantinople by the train-load. The *Goeben* and the *Breslau* took refuge in the Sea of Marmora, put up for repairs, and are now cruising in the Black Sea. . . . But that is not all. Impunity makes for courage. Since September 27 the Dardanelles have been closed to commercial navigation. All foreign ships that happen to be in the Black Sea or on the lower Danube have been blockaded. This occurs just at the busiest season for international navigation in these waters. The complete closure of the Dardanelles is a direct provocation to Russia and to England, while at the same time it is a menace to Roumania."

While the Bordeaux edition of this journal holds that, if Roumania does not want to become "the victim of a ruinous blockade," she should hasten the end of the war by attacking Austria-Hungary, the Paris edition believes that the neutrals in Roumania will draw support from the patient policy of the Triple Entente.—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



WASTING A HUNDRED VALUABLE BY-PRODUCTS IN SMOKE.

OUR CHIMNEYS "BELCH GREAT VATS OF GORGEOUS COLORS INTO THE AIR," WHILE WE BUY DYES AND OTHER COAL BY-PRODUCTS FROM ABROAD.

OUR COMMERCIAL DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THE EUROPEAN WAR is to make our country rich and prosperous beyond belief—but not entirely, or even chiefly, by throwing into our hands the trade of South America or of any foreign land. It is from our own people that the riches are to flow. Nor is this at all like the economic condition of the island whose inhabitants made their living "by taking in each other's washing." The mechanism is explained to us by George H. Cushing, who writes on "Prosperity for America" in *The Technical World Magazine* (Chicago, November). What is to happen, according to Mr. Cushing, is that we shall henceforth produce for ourselves many things which we now buy from Europe. It is our own trade that we are to capture from England and Germany. Commercial America, says Mr. Cushing, was given its biggest shock in fifty years when it suddenly realized, as a result of this war, how completely it has been dependent upon other countries for many of its necessities. It had supposed that the shoe was on "the other foot." Surprise became chagrin when we learned that we might have been producing those things ourselves, if we had only thought of it. He goes on:

"Wounded in its pride, this country has at last awakened to its opportunity. The story of this awakening one day will make one of the biggest chapters in America's industry. I can now tell only of the birth of a few ideas. I can not clothe them in the detail of machinery and organization which must come soon.

"It is to go far too minutely into the chemistry of steel-making to tell why this is so, but it is true that when the war began, the steel business of the United States came very near to stopping. One of the elements in Bessemer steel is ferro-manganese. We had obtained this mainly from Europe—or Germany, to be exact. With fresh supplies shut off and with small stocks on hand, we were in a bad way. Then we got one cargo and arranged for others from South America. This eased the steel mind and established closer relations with our neighbor to the south, but it did not salve the wound to the national pride. In fact, we were stung to the quick when we learned from the Department of the Interior that these elements are available in quantity in this country and have been all along.

"Our steel-makers give the assurance that, before the war is over, they will have developed the deposits which yield those

elements. This will make for the real independence—and hence the greater riches—of this country. This is the beginning of our home program.

"Another shock to commercial and self-contained America came when it discovered that while the tin can is the emblem of cheapness, and while tin is the foundation of some of our richest industries, we mine no tin. All of it that we have and use comes from 'the other side.' The supply was interrupted for a time and we were in a panic. I know of one man who went away on a vacation and returned to find himself richer by twenty-five thousand dollars because he had a stock of tin-plate on which the price had risen. It was with a sensation akin to pain that we learned that we have tin here and should have been working in it years ago. To wipe out this national disgrace—this in a commercial sense—I am told that enterprising citizens of Cincinnati have said they intend to produce our tin. That will add to our riches. Surely, it will help to complete our home-trade program.

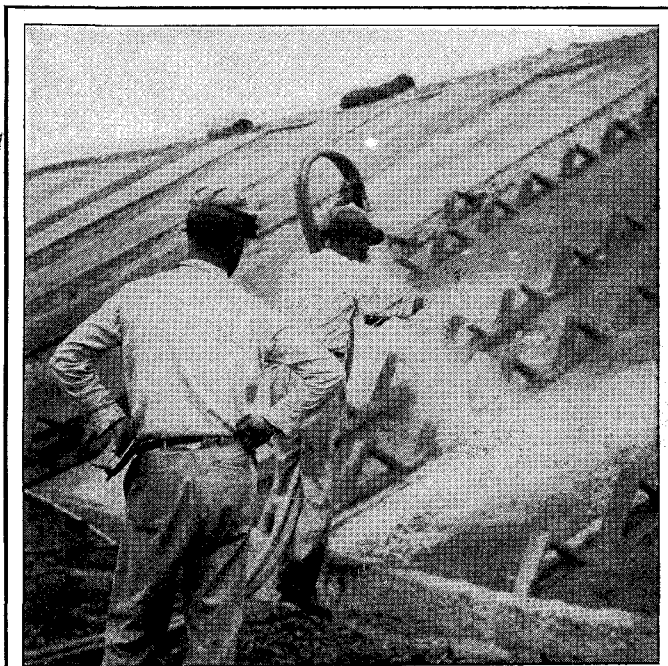
"These things hurt, but 'the most unkindest cut of all' came in connection with the thing which, with us, is almost as common as dirt. The United States produces about 40 per cent. of the total coal output of the world. This giant coal pile is a mine of riches. Last spring, I made a partial enumeration of the commercial products which are made from a lump of coal. When I was interrupted—after two weeks of constant work—I had counted 117 separate articles. All of these things we have burned—or thrown through the chimney in smoke—to get the three elementary things—light, heat, and power.

"For example, all of the anilin dyes are by-products of coal. Chicago, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and Cleveland belch great vats of gorgeous colors into the air daily and then send all the way to Germany to buy a supply.

"I found also that creosote oil is a by-product of coal. This is used to preserve wood and adds from 200 to 500 per cent. to its life. We buy between fifty million and sixty million gallons of it each year from Germany. This element in the coal we either burn to make heat or spill it into the air as smoke. One railroad manager told me recently that it will be necessary to carbonize 3,500,000 tons of coal to get enough creosote oil to preserve the railroad-ties used by his lines, which make up one of the big Western railroad systems."

So soon as these and dozens of similar facts became known, Mr. Cushing tells us, he began to get all sorts of suggestions of coal by-products that are going to be produced in the United States. One engineer in Chicago, who has invented a coke-oven, will reclaim creosote oil from coal. Another engineer in

Milwaukee has worked for years to persuade gas companies to put in apparatus that will make dyes. He now expects his plan to succeed. A group of farmers will build a series of coke-ovens in eastern Indiana and will—in addition to coke and gas—produce the fertilizer which is so readily reclaimed from coal.



SHOOTING GUNITE INTO PLACE.
Showing why concrete deposited in this manner is called "gunite."

Also, a big chemical house in New York has made even more sweeping statements as to what it intends to do. The writer goes on:

"Meanwhile, there is moving to completion, under the impulse of present necessity, some great programs. These have been taking form for years. . . . Around the water-power plants of the Blue Ridge Mountains a great cotton-spinning industry was prophesied. It was intimated that this movement never could realize its possibilities until a big selling organization—one that had as much scope as its English competitors—was formed to distribute the product of these mills. When that came, it would be possible to keep the raw cotton at home and to ship the manufactured product to all the world. Because we lacked such effective selling for all mills, England was making more profit than we were off our raw cotton. England was, in fact, buying our raw cotton and was selling to us the finished cotton goods.

"England, to-day, is fighting quite as hard to keep its hold on the cotton market as it is to end militarism in Europe. It wants to avoid giving the United States any necessity to convert its raw cotton into the finished product to satisfy the world's need. But England is being drawn more and more into the vortex in Europe. Its manufacturing business is languishing for lack of the workers who are turning soldiers. The United States, to satisfy a world need of cotton goods and to find a market for its raw cotton, is being forced to build more cotton-mills. Those mills, because their local selling organizations can not cope with the situation, are distributing their product through the big New York and Boston selling agencies. In this way, we are solidifying our cotton business and are giving to it the one thing that is needed. Incidentally, we are making a home-trade program at the same time.

"This thing is bigger than it seems to be when first studied. We respond to what appears to be a simple necessity. That seems to end the incident. But it doesn't. We are becoming a world commercial power without an effort. Cotton goods go everywhere. Selling organizations which specialize in cotton goods must keep in touch with the cotton market everywhere. They trade in China and Japan as well as in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. They do a business in South America as well as in Canada. Such expansions of the commerce of a people in any line must widen the whole trade field of that nation. Since we are rapidly acquiring an international trade in one line,

others must follow. Such things can do nothing but speed the ultimate tremendous prosperity and riches of this country.

"We are, right now and in the simple things which made up the every-day life of the individual, building big and strong a national trade structure that must prevail and grow steadily for generations to come. We are building a new foreign-trade program. We are filling out our old home-trade program.

"We are making a feverish dash to master South America's markets, and we thus are moving to consolidate the western hemisphere into a complete commercial unit. That is a tremendous thing even to think about. At the same time, we are being forced to reach out across the Atlantic and the Pacific to supply growing and imperative needs in both directions. That is opening friendly markets to us against the time when we will need them as an outlet for the products of this hemisphere. We are playing the game big by doing only the simple thing which comes immediately to hand.

"After seeing these things, I have come to this conclusion of the whole matter. From 1897 to 1907, we expanded internally as no nation on earth had ever done. From 1914 to 1924, we shall grow both at home and abroad so tremendously that the world will forget the glory of other periods while marveling at what will have been done in those ten years."

CONCRETE TO BALK MISSISSIPPI FLOODS

AS THE RESULT of recent experimentation by Government engineers in charge of flood-protection work on the Mississippi, it is possible that the dikes built to keep out flood-water from bottom lands along the river may hereafter be paved with an impervious layer of concrete along their riverward slopes. It is believed that with such protection smaller levees may suffice to do the work, and hence that the cost of protection may not be greatly increased. Dikes made of earth saturated with water have no great protective value, and the expectation is that the concrete covering will keep the earth of the levee dry as well as preventing damage by the friction of the flood-water and in other ways. Major C. O. Sherrill, of the



HOW THE GUNITE CONCRETE IS APPLIED.
The worker in the previous picture is seen in the background.

United States Engineer Corps, describes his experiments thus in *Engineering News* (New York, October 8):

"The years 1912 and 1913 were characterized by the greatest floods ever known on the Mississippi River, and efforts of the United States Government and the local authorities to hold these floods between the levees are well known to all. These efforts, in effect, were directed against 2,200,000 cubic feet per



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Engineering News," New York.

A "FLOOD-PROOF" LEVEE, PAVED WITH CONCRETE ON ITS RIVERWARD SLOPES.

Here a slope of one foot in three is protected by four inches of monolithic concrete on an 8-foot crown.

second of water flowing down the river between levees constructed to grade for 1,750,000 cubic feet per second. As a result, all the levees were strained to the utmost and every known variety of defect developed and had to be combated.

"It was found that in certain classes of soil excessive seepage and sand boils occurred, even in the then standard levees. To determine the effectiveness of various forms of protection, the Fourth District, Mississippi River Commission, undertook certain experimental work, described below, with a view to determining whether a smaller section levee protected with gunite (concrete deposited by the cement gun) over its face and with interlocking sheet piling extending 8 to 10 feet deep at the foot of the levee would not decrease the percolation of water through the levee so as to keep it dry for the average period of highest flood—namely, thirty to forty days.

"The writer undertook these experiments with the idea that the protection of levees in this way would add largely to the friction of the water flowing through the levee, due to the necessity of its passing over the longer path around the bottom of the sheet piling and upward toward the surface against gravity and frictional resistance of the soil; and that for the period during which levees are subjected to the pressure of flood-water this increased resistance to percolation would probably delay the rise of the seepage planes sufficiently to allow the levee to remain dry until the danger was passed. It has been thoroughly demonstrated, moreover, that a dry levee of any size practicable to build is a safe levee, and that any thoroughly saturated levee, no matter how large its section, is useless as a means of protection. . . .

"Upon the surface of the protected portions of the levee was placed either ordinary concrete 4 inches thick, or gunite 2 inches thick. The gunite was placed on a levee of small sections, namely, 5-foot crown, with slopes 1 and 2, to give it as severe a test as possible in comparison with the ordinary concrete. The 4-inch monolithic concrete was placed on a levee having 8-foot crown and slopes 1 on 3. The largest section levee, which is the standard Mississippi River Commission type, was left unprotected in order to have a direct comparison between this levee's efficiency and that of the smaller protected sections.

"Gunite was placed on the levee in several different ways: (a) Directly on the levee itself; (b) on the levee with light reinforcement; (c) on gravel spread on the levee with reinforcement on the top; (d) on gravel with no reinforcement. In each case, the top of the sheet piling was incased for one foot down with gunite reinforced by light wire mesh. The last method named, that is, gravel with no reinforcement, having proved most satisfactory, it was adopted for the bulk of the work. The gravel was spread 2 inches thick on the levee and was then treated with gunite to concrete it in place. This was found to give a dense concrete practically impervious to water, as was shown by a basin constructed by this office."

THE SPREE DISEASE

WHEN an otherwise sober and reputable citizen goes off at intervals on prolonged sprees or debauches, during which he remains continually intoxicated and seems to have lost his moral bearings, some persons believe that he is innately depraved and that his vicious nature occasionally asserts itself to such a degree that he is unable to control it. Medical men, on the other hand, have long recognized that such persons are suffering from a very dangerous form of mental disease, that they are irresponsible during their lapses from normal conduct, and that they need medical treatment and not moral maxims. In a paper on "Periodicity of the Drink Neuroses," contributed to *The Medical Record* (New York, October 10), Dr. T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, Conn., groups some of the interesting facts that bear on this mysterious form of periodic brain malady. He says:

"The drink neurotic who abstains for distinct periods and then suddenly breaks out with insane cravings for spirits, which after a time die away, only to be followed by another outbreak of a similar character, is an example of these unknown cyclic degenerations.

"At one time it is a delirium, intense, overpowering, and irresistible, and then a period of quiet rest, sanity, and complete control comes on. At one time it is the rigid moralist, strict abstainer, and sound, strong man. At another it is the excessive drinker, immoral, dishonest, without character, and reckless of his acts and conduct.

"To the unreasoning public and the foolish theorist this is simply vice—an outbreak of the animal instincts and the beast part of the man. The most delusive and stupid theories have become a great literature in explanations of these two widely differing conditions. The statement that it is simply a gathering and breaking of morbid energies and activities of the brain and nervous functions, governed by distinct physical laws, is not recognized to any great extent.

"Some facts common to these conditions will show how thoroughly they are physical and subject to laws which are to be studied. In all probability fully 60 per cent. of all inebriates and alcoholics display this periodicity of symptoms.

"In the distinct periodical drinker the free intervals are very often definite as to time, varying from one week to several years, and in many cases breaking out at intervals that are as fixt and unvarying as the movement of the stars. In others this interval of freedom from the drink craze is variable, and in some cases depends on certain conditions which may be often forecast, controlled, and prevented. In others the conditions are

unknown, and the laws that govern their culmination and explosion have not been studied. There is a small class of persons in whom the drink impulse appears as mysteriously as the flash of lightning in a cloudless sky, with no premonition or hint of the coming attack. Often it disappears in the same mysterious way.

"An attempt at classification indicates several groups which seem to have fairly constant symptoms. Thus in many cases they may be called the insane impulsive periodic inebriates. The free interval is an unknown condition, and the return of the drink craze is abrupt and unexpected. The man will drink and become crazed at the most inopportune time, on the eve of marriage or some great social, political, or literary triumph, or some business success, or on a public occasion, or at a funeral, where his condition is most disastrous for his future.

"A very poor young man with a large family, who had been sober for some weeks, was informed that his uncle had left him an immense sum of money, contingent on his remaining sober for one year. Immediately on hearing the news he drank to great excess for weeks.

"The reaction when this obsession disappears and the sudden realization of the losses may precipitate suicide. The remorse is so intense that death is preferred. Others, when the drink craze passes off, show the most intense anxiety to explain and minimize the losses which they have suffered from, and also make earnest efforts to convince their friends that this will never occur again.

"The memory is usually vague, and events of the past are uncertain and cloudy. In others the memory is clear and intact. The reason and judgment seem to have been suddenly arrested, and on recovery display unusual activity to promote total abstinence in the subject and his friends. The extreme delirious excitement to help others and to show the dangers from alcohol, and promote the cause of total abstinence, so prominent in revival meetings, is not infrequently the after-effect of previous alcoholic excesses. Sometimes this is manifested in egotism and childish appeals to credulity, away beyond the bounds of rational judgment and sense.

"Another class of these periodics exhibit distinct premonitory symptoms of the drink craze. Curiously enough, they are unconscious of these premonitions. The more common of these symptoms are degrees of unusual excitement or depression, great business energy or unusual apathy, perhaps exaltation of the emotions or depressive states, with fears of poverty and sudden death. There is a great variety of these symptoms which take on almost every form of abnormality, all leading up to the toxic use of spirits, usually to stupor, and this period is marked by amnesias and delusions that are peculiar to the person."

These periodicities seldom appear, Dr. Crothers tells us, until after twenty years of age, and often subside or merge into some serious degeneration before fifty. At first the paroxysm is confined to a few hours. Later it may extend over two or three weeks, then finally becoming shorter and less intense. He goes on:

"The periodic drinking, based on a neurotic heredity, frequently merges into epilepsy, paresis, and forms of insanity, marked by exaltation and depression. The drink craze not infrequently dies away, but obsessions remain, sometimes concentrating on widely differing objects. Thus a periodic drinker developed a craze for building houses, which extended over many years, each year building a new house for himself, with different designs and rooms.

"Another man developed a craze for travel. Every few months he would stop business and go away, pursuing an aimless journey. Another man has a craze for dressing, another one goes into politics, another becomes a reformer, and so on through an almost infinite list of activity. . . .

"The periodic return of the drink paroxysm should be treated successfully, and can be broken up by a great variety of methods and means. The fact that one at intervals is possessed with the desire for drink is a very serious one, and should not be treated lightly. The fact that one is able to stop after the period is over is no evidence of strength, but is decidedly suspicious of a very grave spasmodic disease that will terminate fatally.

"Such persons should be taught the gravity of their condition and encouraged to seek help from the physician on the first approach of the paroxysm, and in this way break up its return, then become built up and restored so as to overcome the next onset.

"Here is a field for practical physicians of the utmost importance, with possibilities of restoration beyond any present conception."

FALLACIES OF THE WAR

THE VERACIOUS CORRESPONDENT, saved by a merciful fate from exposing himself at the front in the present war, and not even allowed to interview the commanding generals at their respective headquarters, solaces himself, while eating his heart out beyond hearing of the big guns, by devising tales of their bigness and of their fatal effects, which will hardly hold water—at least, so we are assured in a leading editorial by *The Scientific American* (New York, October 17). This paper, noting the complaints of the daily press regarding the severe censorship exercised over news from the seat of war, expresses the opinion that it would be better, in some respects, for the public if the censor's blue pencil were used even more freely than it is. The writer goes on:

"We refer to the sensational and misleading technical absurdities which from time to time are passed by the censor and permitted to go broadcast over the world for the confusion and bewilderment of the public, which is weary of rumors and asks only for the facts. . . .

"The military censor knows perfectly well that all the statements which have been going the round of the press regarding mobile 16-inch guns used by the Germans, shrapnel which can annihilate a whole regiment with a single burst of one shell, high-explosive shells whose death-dealing gases kill a company of infantrymen without leaving a mark upon their bodies; he knows full well, we say, that most, if not all, of this talk is the veriest kind of rubbish.

"That these absurdities are too often received at their face value is proved by the number of inquiries which come to this office, asking for further details respecting these appalling weapons of modern warfare.

"In the first place, then, let it be understood that the 16-inch German mobile siege-gun does not exist and probably never will exist. It is possible that some siege-guns of this caliber have been built for fixed fortifications, but certainly never as mobile siege-guns to be carried with an army in the field. The largest field siege-gun is the huge 11-inch howitzer or mortar. . . . It was a great feat on the part of the Krupp firm to produce a gun of this size, weight, and power that could be transported with an army over the highways of a hostile country, and go into action on its own mount, without preliminary foundation work, for the reduction of fortifications from five to seven miles distant. Broadly speaking, the weights both of a gun and its ammunition increase as the cube of the caliber. This means that a mobile 16-inch siege-gun complete would weigh something over 100 tons, and its shell would be approximately one ton in weight. The finest macadam, brick, or concrete roadway would be crushed down under such a load, even supposing that traction-engines of sufficient power and number could be linked up to transport it. It may have been done; but we doubt it.

"Another fallacy is that of the wholesale annihilation of troops caused by bursting shrapnel. More than once we have been asked to explain what kind of a shell it is which, in bursting, discharges a shower of bullets 'which will kill every man within a rectangle seventy yards square.' The answer is that no such shell has been invented, and never will be. . . . The shrapnel shell contains 262 balls which, when the shell bursts in the proper position above the enemy's troops, will cover an area of ground elliptical in form. The area is, roughly, about 45,000 square feet. Now any one can calculate for himself that, if the dispersion is fairly even, there will be an average of one ball to each 120 square feet of space covered, or say, one ball to each square measuring about eleven feet on a side. If the troops under fire are in a trench, with only head and shoulders exposed, and with, say, three feet interval between the men, it will be seen that the chances of a bullet finding its man are one in one hundred for each bursting shell.

"Even more ridiculous are the stories about the killing of groups of men by the shock and the poisonous gases of exploding shells. More than once, in describing the trenches or city streets after a battle, or houses that had been under shell-fire, correspondents have spoken of the dead being found without a single scratch upon their bodies and preserving exactly the attitude in which they stood or sat, when this mysterious engine of destruction smote them. The shock of exploding steel may produce deafness and temporary unconsciousness; but if the explosions take place near enough to produce death, the men affected will be hurled by the blast in every direction.

"Then there is the subject of bomb-dropping from aeroplanes

and dirigibles, regarding whose military value as a means of reducing fortifications or even of destroying cities there is in the public mind a greatly exaggerated estimate.

"We do not hesitate to say that one of the German 11-inch siege-guns, aided by range-finders and observers at the end of a measured base-line, would place more shells within a fort in a single hour than the whole fleet of German dirigibles could do in an all-day attack."

Despite this exposition of the subject, the daily press of October 20 contains the statement that the Krupps are so pleased with the effect produced by their 16-inch guns that they are now preparing to turn out 22-inch and even 23-inch ones. Is *The Scientific American* wrong, or has the enforced idleness of the war correspondent stimulated his imagination to still greater activity?

GAS-POISONING, A COLD-WEATHER PERIL

THE FATAL EFFECTS of carbon monoxid, which rapidly causes death when breathed even in minute quantities, have long been known, but it is now being found out that besides such cases of acute poisoning this gas is capable of producing very serious and baffling cases of chronic poisoning when air only slightly tainted with it is breathed for periods of weeks or months. This knowledge is of the gravest importance to the general public, since this gas is found in illuminating-gas and heating-gas, especially when these are partly composed of water-gas. Thus a very tiny leak in a gas-pipe might suffice to liberate enough carbon monoxid in the course of months to affect disastrously the health of every member of a family. The gas is formed also in stoves and furnaces when slow burning takes place. Moreover, it is said to be capable of passing through the pores of red-hot iron. Hence it might readily pass into the atmosphere of stove-heated schoolrooms in sufficient quantity to cause lassitude and headache, or even more serious affections, among the pupils. A case was recently reported also, of fatal poisoning of two men in Bridgeport, Conn., by carbon monoxid coming from the exhaust-pipe of a gasoline-engine operating in a pit.

In a late number of *Larousse Mensuelle* (Paris), Dr. Henri Bouquet treats the subject at length, and his warnings should be widely disseminated. We read:

"Carbon monoxid is the more dangerous since it can not be detected by taste or odor. It is dangerous even when the atmosphere contains an extremely small proportion of it, but in order to be fatal to men, dogs, or cats, it must be present in a minimum quantity of $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 per cent. It acts, at least in acute intoxications, by asphyxiation. It fixes upon the hemoglobin of the blood and forms with it a stable combination, thus causing the hemoglobin to become incapable of carrying the oxygen needed. It is not probable, however, that the red corpuscle is destroyed. . . . The nerve-centers react against this intoxication by lowering the temperature and diminishing the oxidations. But this reaction becomes insufficient if the cause of the poisoning is too prolonged or too violent."

A curious feature of this form of poisoning is that its victims stand a better chance of recovery if they remain extended and motionless than if they are made to walk and move about. While acute poisoning generally occurs in confined places, it sometimes occurs in the open air, when the proportion of the gas inhaled is very large, as in the neighborhood of furnaces, lime-kilns, gas-works, etc. It is said to be due, however, in the great majority of cases, to defects in heating apparatus, especially those where the burning is slow. It may also be produced at a distance by defects in pipes carrying off smoke and gases of combustion. The first symptoms are violent headaches, vertigo, constriction of the temples, ringing of the ears, hallucinations, shivering, and an irresistible desire to sleep. Even when the victims of acute cases recover it is said that they suffer for many weeks from physical and intellectual torpor, and at times also from mental troubles, paralysis, trembling, and pains in the

head. Different people differ greatly in the power of resistance to this poison, so that a number of persons exposed at the same time may vary greatly in the length of survival or possibility of restoration.

"The treatment consists in the use of oxygen as abundantly as possible. It should be used in inhalations and also in subcutaneous injections, which are both more efficacious and easier to administer. The transfusion of blood is a logical procedure in such cases, and use should be made likewise of the ordinary manipulations in cases of asphyxiation."

As a means of detection when the presence of this gas is feared it is recommended to keep a bird, or some other small animal, in a cage, since these are peculiarly susceptible to this poison, and soon revive. Certain chemical methods of detection are also used, the most practical being the reduction of ammoniacal silver nitrate, which turns brown under the influence of this gas.

Chronic cases of this poison are doubtless far more common than has hitherto been suspected, since the effects are slow and subtle, and the symptoms are such as may be present in various diseases. It is not improbable, indeed, that many cases of illness really due to this have been wrongly diagnosed, and consequently ineffectually treated.

"The most frequent cause of chronic cases is the use of defective heating apparatus which allow small quantities of the gas to escape during long periods. Badly managed hot-air furnaces and fissures in the pipes of chimneys may come in this category as well as slow combustion apparatus which remain the most dangerous of all. But this intoxication also often has a professional origin, and is met with among cooks, chauffeurs, and engine-drivers, miners, laundresses, employees of gas-works, and laborers who commonly breathe air vitiated by the leaking or the intensive employment of illuminating-gas.

"The symptoms of such chronic oxycarbonism are manifested after a variable length of time, which may be quite extended and may be appreciably mitigated when the subject escapes the action of the toxic gas for a sufficient period. Here one must accuse not only the combination of the carbon monoxid with the hemoglobin of the blood, but also its toxic action on the tissues with which it is brought in contact by the blood-corpuscles."

The symptoms in chronic cases include asthenic muscular weakness, vertigo similar to that caused by alcoholic poisoning, paralysis (often attacking the muscles of the eye), difficulty of coordination, and convulsive movements. Other nervous troubles are pains in the head, especially in the frontal region, neuralgias (sciatic), local anesthetics, vasomotor disorder, arterial spasms, in the first rank of which may be placed "ophthalmic migraine," swellings, and tropic troubles. Likewise mental activity, memory, and sleep are seriously disturbed, and there may be torpor, loss of will-power, and even characteristic psychoses. Other troubles are listed by the author of the article as follows:

"As concerns the circulative system we note palpitations, syncope, toxic angina pectoris (false angina pectoris), and a very characteristic anemia (which often attacks cooks in this form). The digestive apparatus does not escape; dyspepsia is present. . . . Some authors have admitted that chronic oxycarbonism may be the origin of pulmonary tuberculosis. (Besmier.)

"The danger of such cases of poisoning is doubled by the fact that they are often misdiagnosed, the symptoms being infinitely variable and diverse, and the attention being rarely enough attracted to a source of peril which acts in most cases only with extreme slowness. The treatment should be symptomatic above all, and its most important feature consists in removing the subject from the action of the poison."

It may be remarked that the "coal-gas" which often escapes from furnaces, etc., when the combustion is imperfect is practically the same as illuminating-gas, but may contain an even higher percentage of the deadly carbon monoxid. Charcoal burners also give off considerable quantities of this gas.—
Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

LETTERS - AND - ART

SAFEGUARDING OUR PUBLIC ART

PUBLIC ART is growing at such a rate among us that some wise measures, of public protection seem advisable.

Indeed, so rapidly are the memorials of public personages multiplying that "friends of the candidates for metallic immortality find difficulty in snatching suitable sites from the traffic that congests the streets of the fast-growing cities." Realizing this, Mr. Charles Moore presents to the American Federation of Arts some suggestions respecting the choice of men to execute these projected ornaments of the public highway. He finds of prime necessity the aid of competent professional advice both at the outset and also during the execution of the work, and, in the case of competitions, "a thoroughly prepared program, and a competent, unbiased professional jury, whose award shall prevail without question." When the task of supplying works of public art is entrusted to a commission of laymen, as is usually the case, Mr. Moore sees an amusing transformation often occurring, and in *Art and Progress* (November) views it from an experience of twenty-five years as a layman, called upon to assist in the selection of men to execute works of a public and semipublic character:

"By some miracle of transubstantiation the men selected suddenly become judges of art and artists. Two out of the three commissioners will peruse with zeal the laudatory biographies sent them by zealous artists seeking the job; and they gaze with profound knowledge at the submitted photographs of the executed work of these self-advertising artists. The third commissioner, a busy business man, comes late to the meetings, and, on being appealed to, selects from the pictures the most romantic presentation of a subject, and with an air of finality declares, 'I don't profess to know much about art, but this one fills my eye!' His fellow commissioners bow to the superior wisdom of the successful man, and selection of the artist is made accordingly. Thereupon the members of the commission become the active partizans of the man of their choice; and the more obscure he is, the greater credit they take to themselves for having discovered genius.

"There is, however, a better side to the matter. There are commissions made up of modest laymen who earnestly desire to have the work entrusted to them executed by competent artists, whether architects, sculptors, or painters. These commissioners

often go wrong because they do not know the method of procedure calculated to obtain good results."

Mr. Moore goes on to point out that the first duty of an art commission composed of laymen is to obtain a competent professional adviser.



EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET.

By Edmond T. Quinn.

The statue, selected from eight competitive models by a committee composed of Players assisted by three sculptors, to be erected by the Players Club in Gramercy Park, New York.

"In every city there is usually to be found one or more architects of ability, taste, and public spirit. The architectural profession is calculated to bring the practitioner in touch with artists in the kindred professions of sculpture, painting, and landscape architecture. Moreover, the architect deals with builders and contractors, who have their place in the execution of the work. He knows all the tricks of the trades, whether artistic or mechanical. He may have his favorites among artists, but usually he can be relied on to recommend the best men. Of course it is assumed that the adviser himself is not to be considered in the selection. If the competition is one involving architecture, it may be best to seek an adviser from out of town. The qualifications of the adviser should be generally recognized ability, a sense of public service demands, and, above all, the possession of artistic standards.

"The next thing to be decided is as to whether the artist is to be obtained by direct selection or by means of a competition. For many and valid reasons direct selection is preferable. Artists of established reputation usually have as much work offered to them as they can do. Therefore they rarely enter open competitions; and in some professions they never do. Moreover, competitions, even under the best auspices, are uncertain in their results and are expensive to the participants, so that artists avoid them whenever they can do so.

"In cases where direct selection is to be made, the professional adviser, after full consultation as to the project to be executed, suggests a number of artists, any one of whom should be able to design and to

carry out the work in hand. And here it may be remarked that the ability to make an attractive sketch and the ability successfully to carry that sketch into execution are two separate things, and that, of the two, the ability to execute is by far the more important. Too much emphasis can not be laid on this consideration, and yet it is the point most often overlooked by the layman."

Competitions seem still to be a necessary evil, says Mr. Moore, because of a mistaken idea prevalent among the people that competitions lead to the discovery of new artists.

"Competitions may be mitigated by limiting the number of artists invited to compete, and then paying each artist an amount sufficient to cover the necessary expense of making the preliminary sketches. A competition involves a program and a jury. The program is prepared by the professional adviser; its provisions are governed by the rules for competitions adopted by the American Institute of Architects, or whatever national society represents the particular profession. These rules embody the experience of that profession in dealing with the difficulties and perplexities involved in competitions, and they aim to protect both the artist and the patron. The program also states the local conditions surrounding the problem. The more exact and carefully prepared the program, the less difficulty the jury finds in arriving at a decision. Conversely, the looser the program, the more room for differences of opinion on the part of the jurors.

"The jury should be selected by the commission from a list prepared by the professional adviser. No layman should act as a juror. An artist, no less than a person under indictment, is entitled to a jury of his peers. Even the artist as a juror may be biased by facile rendering and clever sketches, and not every artist has correct standards of judgment, but the chances are that by professional ability and experience the artist is qualified to pass judgment, whereas the layman is hopelessly incompetent to compare, to analyze, and to reach a decision on a problem out of his line of thought.

"It should be understood that competitions are only for the selection of the artist; that every work of art is a growth and is developed in the making, and is subject to restudy, and to professional consultation and criticism during its execution. Given all these conditions at their best, the result is on the lap of the gods."

NOT UP ON NIETZSCHE

SOMETHING of a subsidiary war is just now raging among the ranks of the Allied sympathizers over the responsibilities of Nietzsche in the present imbroglio. What seems to develop is a sorry deficiency in the "culture" of these combatants, and the worst offender from the point of view of the Nietzschean ranks is Mr. Thomas Hardy, who wrote to the newspapers that if it should turn out that the destruction wrought at Reims was predetermined, "it will strongly suggest that a disastrous blight upon the glory and nobility of that great nation has been wrought by the writings of Nietzsche, with his followers, Treitschke, Bernhardt, etc." Following this, Mr. C. M. S. McLellan, the author of "The Belle of New York" and "Oh, Oh, Delphine," writes to the *London Chronicle* saying that it's high time "some one of real authority in the world of letters took this matter up seriously," for he overhears "the present generation of Berlin professors laughing at us," and thinks "something ought to be done to prevent our literary men persisting in their unwarranted repetition of a senseless libel." The librettist goes on:

"Bernhardt never quotes from or mentions the name of Nietzsche throughout his notorious book, and as for Treitschke, how could he ever follow a writer who repeatedly express the utmost contempt for him and his theories? And then, you know, Mr. Hardy simply puts himself out of court as a critic with any claim to delicate observation when he says: 'Nietzsche and his school seem to have eclipsed in Germany the close-reasoned philosophies of such men as Kant and Schopenhauer.' The bracketing of Kant with Schopenhauer is one of the quaintest literary curiosities I have ever encountered. Kant may be a close reasoner; indeed, I fancy his reasoning is so close as to be impenetrable to all but expert mathematicians, astronomers, and deep-sea divers. But Schopenhauer! A dear, delightful weaver of airy trifles, whose essay on Woman, one of the finest pieces of humor ever perpetrated, is the only thing that keeps his memory green even among people who finally read everybody."

Another man who is terribly upset by Mr. Hardy's reference to the mad German philosopher is Mr. Thomas Beecham, purveyor of pills, grand opera, and Russian ballet to the British public. "Anything that emanates from Mr. Hardy," he observes, "is carefully read and welcomed with complete faith by a large number of seriously minded people who accept more

or less unconditionally the assertions of celebrated men, especially those of literary reputation." All the more, he thinks, is Mr. Hardy to be "blamed for his light-minded and ill-considered attack on a writer with whose works he is obviously very slightly acquainted." Going on:

"To me, an old student of Nietzsche, it is only too evident that Mr. Hardy's criticisms of this remarkable man are founded on the most superficial basis of knowledge, and provide a deplorable example of that ignorance which has prevailed for over a generation in this country of matters concerning real German life and thought.

"As one of the few who have never disguised their views on this subject, and who have often brought themselves into collision with those others in this country who have thought it a part of their duty to support the claims and pretensions of



GERMAN VIEW OF ART AS DEFENSE.

You shoot behind me—you lie behind me.
But you are assaulting the apex of civilization.

—Kreska in *Ull* (Berlin)©.

modern German culture, I have resolutely attacked, publicly and privately, in season and out of season, the mental and moral decadence of Germany, its utter bankruptcy on the higher planes of art and philosophy. For during an entire generation Germany, which formerly occupied a fairly exalted place on the arctic heights of spiritual life, has taken a headlong flight downhill into the valley of the grossest materialism, and through the length and breadth of that country which was once described by Lord Lytton as 'a nation of dreamers and poets,' and which during the nineteenth century has contributed so gloriously to literature, music, and philosophy, there has been found only one man to raise his voice against this terrible national tendency, to devote his whole career to arresting the final vulgarization of all German thought, who shattered his life-forces on the unbreakable rock of German philistinism, and whose marvelously subtle brain and superrefined organism at last gave way under the strain of the splendid but hopeless task he had taken upon himself. It is Friedrich Nietzsche. And how this gladiator of real culture, the 'good European' and keen hater of all nationalistic 'termini' and Jingoism, must now be turning in his grave at being daily placed in the same category with men like Treitschke and Bernhardt (the former being a particular object of his detestation) and regarded as the spiritual father of modern Germany."

But that the identification of the Nietzschean doctrines with the present temper of the German people has some grounds for belief is pointed out by Mr. Paul Elmer Moore in the *New York*

Nation. "The so-called spirit of militarism has not been confined to a clique of Prussian officers," he observes, "but has sunk deep into the hearts of the German people." The unanimity of the German press, the documents sent to this country by the most eminent scholars, "the readiness of the leading poets and moralists of the land to condone the worst vandalism of the Army," show that something is at work "different from the patriotism that is solidifying other countries." He goes on:

"All this we of America, who are so far from the contest as to stand as it were in the position of judging posterity, are beginning to perceive and to wonder at; and with the perception our condemnation of German policy grows wider than a mere democratic antagonism to the phantom of arbitrary power, and deeper than abhorrence of the ruthlessness of the Kaiser's troops under the plea of efficiency. This change, if I am right in suspecting its existence, is coming about from late acquaintance, mostly, of course, at second hand, with certain authors who, with almost incredible frankness, give voice to the inner creed of the nation. Above all, the name of Nietzsche is beginning, by the aid of the daily press, to take on a sinister meaning for the man in the street. Now, the gospel of that fanatic is nothing new. It has a respectable following in Russia and France, and through the efforts of a little body of propagandists in London and this country his works have been translated into English and expounded among us with great fervor and some cunning. But we of the English tongue are pragmatists by blood, endowed by nature with a plentiful scorn of philosophical speculation, and only the hammer of events could drive into us a suspicion that a metaphysical theory of life might have a serious influence on a national policy, and, as at once cause and effect, enter into the molding of a people's character. And doubtless Nietzscheism itself would not have got such a hold in Germany had not a part of the doctrine been haunting the popular ear ever since Luther pronounced war to be 'a business, divine in itself, and as needful and necessary to the world as eating or drinking, or any other work.'

"Nietzscheism is, indeed, more than a glorification of war. It is in one sense almost anything you choose to make it, for its author was a master of the various epigram, with little care for verbal consistency, so that from his works the devil or the angels may quote texts with equal conviction, as they are said to quote from better books. But out of his broken discourses, taken as a whole, there does stream a pretty definite tendency of thought and feeling, and this is what has acted dynamically on so many practical minds of his Fatherland. Briefly, the force of Nietzscheism may be summed up thus: A violent repudiation of any faith or tradition which recognizes a power of right and justice lying beyond our impulsive nature and pronouncing a veto on the wilful expansion of that nature; an identification of self-restraint with degeneracy and of self-assertion with health, resulting in a deadening of the response to the value of harmony and proportion and voluntary moderation; a search for happiness in the conquest of others rather than in self-conquest, and a hatred of all sympathy for the weak which would involve even a partial surrender of the privilege of strength; a sharp distinction between the superior individual and the servile horde; a substitution of the will to power for the Darwinian will to live, with the consequent intensification of the unconscious and instinctive struggle for existence into a battle for conscious mastery; a sharpening of the competition of life, with its self-observed rules of fair-play or its traditionally imposed limitations, into a glorification of war as the supreme test of strength, obtaining its justification in success.

"Such, then, is the essence of the philosophy distilled by a master mind out of the pragmatism of Luther (whom he praised for his 'depth and courage,' but denounced for his religiosity), and Frederick the Great (whom he regarded, only less than Napoleon, as the 'genius for war and conquest'), and out of the romantic deification of emotional expansion (himself a product of Rousseauism, tho writhing in his fetters).

"One thing has tended to obscure the influence of Nietzsche. He was no patriot; he even condemned modern nationalism as a *névrose nationale*, and, for very personal reasons, was most vitriolic against the particular Teutonic brand of chauvinism. . . . Now, there is something that sounds illogical in glorifying war and cosmopolitanism in the same breath, and certainly there is something not nice for German ears in Nietzsche's vituperative epithets; another mind was needed to make his philosophy thoroughly digestible for the home stomach, and Herr von Treitschke was the man to add the necessary ingredient of chauvinism."

SINGING "TIPPERARY"

THERE is a curious difference between the British soldier and his Continental associates, both friend and foe, as he goes to war. They sing the sublime songs of their Fatherland and he whistles or trolls a music-hall ditty. "Many otherwise amiable folk think it a little degrading that our soldiers should prefer to set their fighting to what are contemptuously called 'music-hall songs' rather than to more imposing song-structures such as the 'Marseillaise' and the 'Wacht am Rhein,'" says the editor of *T. P.'s Weekly* (London). Everybody knows that when the British soldier sings of "Tipperary" the last thing he thinks of is some place so named in Ireland. He is thinking of "home." Yet it has all the requisites of an immortal war-song, says a writer in the *New York Evening Sun*—"a free and swinging lilt, a touch of humor, of sentiment, and a dash of rough-and-ready patriotism."

Mr. Holbrook Jackson, of *T. P.'s Weekly*, points out "the curious mental kink" in all "criticisms of the tastes of the common people" which "reveals the almost impassable gulf between the cultured few and the uncultured many."

"Culture seems to kill psychological insight. It helps us to understand ideas and to work out problems with logical exactitude, but it always neglects the final human equation which, in the long run, is the only thing that matters. Modern Germany is an example of what mere culture-worship can do for a nation. There you see life worked out with the exactitude of a problem in mathematics. . . .

"Germans believed (and still believe) that they will be victorious in arms because they have the biggest effective army, the biggest siege-guns, the most efficient military organization, and the most complete and perfectly calculated plan of action. They are proud of all these things; they worship them. And this much may be said for worshiper and worshiped: both are irresistibly logical. But no margin is left for the play of that little rift in the lute of all logic—chance. 'Chance in the last resort is God,' says Anatole France. That may or may not be. I will not argue the point. None the less, all sorts of incalculable things have frustrated the perfect working of German machine-culture. Not least the curious fact of our own men singing 'Tipperary' in the trenches.

"For that reason one should suspect any inclination to deplore the music-hall tendencies of Mr. Atkins. We must be sure that our objections are not based on what may be called a German misunderstanding of life. You can do almost anything to a man without destroying his essential splendor—you can beat him and bully him, starve him and cheat him, laugh at him, and even kill him, and yet he remains sublime and, on the whole, indifferent to fate. But once you insist upon him acting logically you destroy him utterly. So it is that you will find men kindling trivial and sometimes ridiculous words at the fire of emotion and setting up a blaze which shows them the way to victory and honor. It is quite a chance that our soldiers sing 'Tipperary'; two years ago they would have sung with equal gusto, 'We All Go the Same Way Home.' The thing to remember is that it is not always the musician or the poet who makes songs. Songs are made also by the circumstances under which they are sung. Some songs, the oldest and the best, have neither authors nor composers; they seem to have grown out of the national life and to have gone on living because the national life has lived. Thus 'Tipperary' has been reborn. In the ordinary course of things 'Tipperary' would have passed into the limbo of forgotten popular airs, but Mr. Thomas Atkins has done for it what its author could never have done; he has given it immortality."

The same theme is dwelt upon by the London *Spectator* in answer to the feeling of some that "the soldier abroad should think as he marches of the purpose with which his country has gone to war, and that because he thinks about that purpose he should sing about it if he sings at all."

"Other armies, we know, have sung of their purpose; 'John Brown's Body' is a hymn rather than a song, and 'Marching Through Georgia' tells its own story. The 'Marseillaise' is the singing of the soul of a nation, and that is why there can never be an English translation of it:

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.

We can not put that into English words. We have not suffered as France has suffered, and we can not sing her songs as she sings them. We who are at war to-day can not feel all that the French soldier feels; if we had known what France has known, we too might have evolved music and words which would mean and tell what we felt. But if we look more closely at 'John Brown's Body' and 'Marching Through Georgia,' do we not find in them something which is less concerned with the operations of a particular campaign than with the unaltering outlook upon life of the singer? Both are songs of freedom; they were sung by men who thought about being free, and knew what it was to be free. And if we come to the songs which our own soldiers sing, shall we find any other underlying reason for their singing than this, that they sing about what interests them? They have fine words and fine tunes in any number to choose from. There is the 'March of the Men of Harlech'; there is 'Scots Wha Hae'; there is 'The Minstrel Boy'; there might be any number of English 'words' for the 'Marseillaise' if the men really wished to sing it. The 'Marseillaise,' as it was heard the other day at the departure from Waterloo Station of the Scots and Grenadier Guards, was the most superb thing to hear: the music rose from the bands on the platform and rolled under the great glass roof like a voice. But the men do not sing the 'Marseillaise.' They sing songs from the music-halls:

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Good-by, Piccadilly!
Farewell, Leicester Square!
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there!

That is the song which has carried our Army from Aldershot to Southampton and from Paris to the Aisne; it is the song which one of the sailors from the torpedoed *Cressy* started singing in the water. 'It certainly is if you have to swim there,' so went the comment, already historic.

"Now what is there in 'Tipperary,' which makes the appeal, which gets the song sung, when other apparently much better words are not even looked at? . . . Is it rubbish? Is it not the reflection of national character? Is it not just the gaiety which takes the fighting as the day's work, and which looks beyond the day's work to the reward? That is the gaiety and courage of outlook which writes nonsense-songs for recruits to march to; and which is written in the records and the roll-calls of Mons, of the Marne, and of the heights above Soissons."

The biography of "Tipperary" and also of some other war-songs is given by the *Evening Sun* writer, who maintains that the now dominant song of the soldier was "made in America":

"'It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary' the marching song of the British Army, was written right here in New York. It was composed three years ago, but it needed a great war to bring it into popularity.

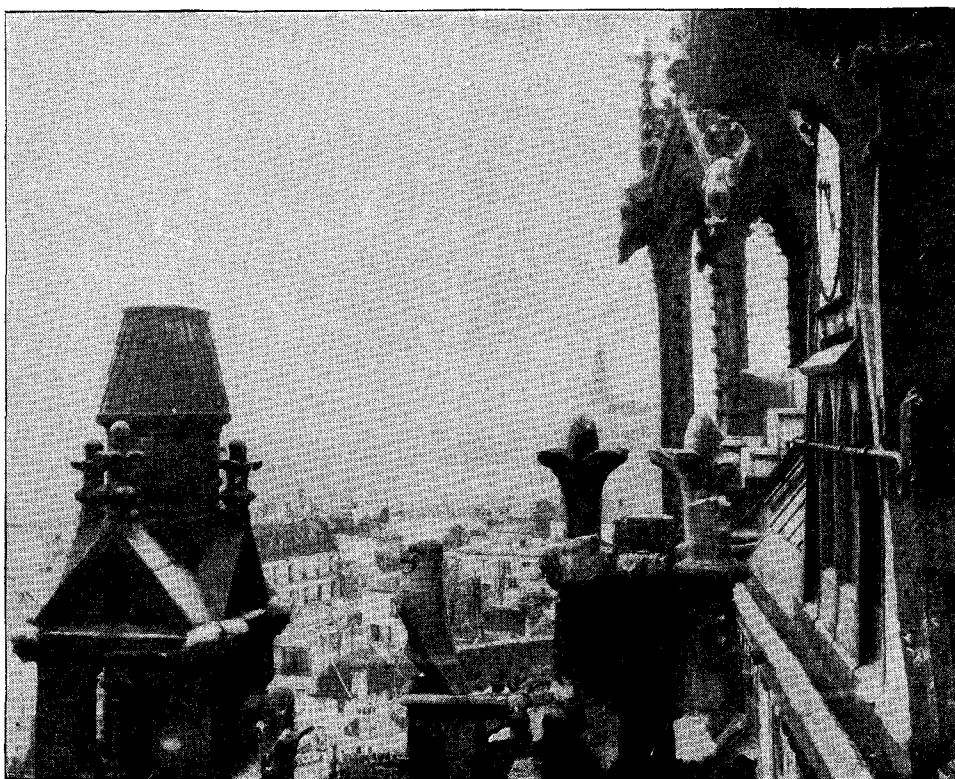
"It was originally intended for a little vaudeville skit. The composer of it, Harry Williams, is also the composer of that treasured local lyric, 'I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark.'

"There's an odd history to all these songs that sweep into favor with the roll of a drum. Rouget de l'Isle wrote his famous battle-hymn to greet the passing army of the Marseillaise on its way through Strasburg. He was a lieutenant there and—so one of the stories goes—he was tipsy when he wrote it. His reward was to be the last bottle of wine in the cellar of his inn. He finished it hastily, drowsily, to meet the coming of the 'black-browed mass' of revolutionists at dawn. When the last

note of it was down on paper his head toppled into his hands and he fell asleep. 'The greatest war-song ever promulgated,' is what Carlyle calls it, 'and whole armies and assemblages will sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death, despot, and devil.'

"Max Schneckenburger's poem, 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' was first published in a provincial newspaper. Within two weeks it had appeared in almost every publication in Germany and had been set four times to music.

"Julia Ward Howe has left a subjective bit of reminiscence to tell how she wrote the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic.' It was after a visit to the ragged Union camp that her heart gave



THE WOUNDS OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

Broken pinnacles tell the story of one of Germany's air-ship raids over the city of Paris. One bomb struck the venerable cathedral.

way to its glorious inspiration. But more popular and useful was the original version of that song, the uncouth 'John Brown's Body,' and that other rollicking jargon of stirring nonsense, 'As We Go Marching Through Georgia.' And when the Spanish-American War took our soldiers into the Cuban plantations, they had one great, rough tune to cheer them; its name was 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.'

"As for Mr. Harry Williams, who wrote 'Tipperary,' it has been impossible to determine whether or not he is an Englishman by birth. At any rate, he has been spending six months out of every year in London or thereabouts, doing odd jobs in vaudeville. The other half of the year he has been living here.

"But it has been established definitely that 'Tipperary' was written at a house in Douglas Manor, L. I., to be exact. It was finished early in 1912. It was submitted to publishers on this side of the water and accepted by an English firm. But it was not published in America at that time. And, in fact, when it was brought out in London, a little later, it failed to arouse much enthusiasm. It was only after the war began and the weary marches were forced that some one in the ranks started this little ballad of the music-hall and found in it all the requisites of an immortal war-song.

"There is something peculiarly appropriate about the tune. The French have had it translated and are singing it as they go into battle. Scotch Highlanders, who probably never heard of Ireland's Tipperary, are playing it on their bagpipes. Canadian reservists, lonesome for the Western forests, are humming it. And native Bengalese are crooning the little song through their very white teeth as they shiver through the chilly nights and wipe their bayonets dry.

"But for all that it was 'Made in the U. S. A.'"

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

GERMANY'S ETHICS DEFENDED

FAIRNESS is asked by a German-American theologian in the discussion of Germany's ethics in the European struggle. And while he asks the critics of the Fatherland to concede something, he meets them half way by concessions of his own, and does not make the sweeping claims that have characterized some of the acrid utterances on both sides. In deciding the merits of the case for the contending parties in Europe it is "impossible to be fair unless one makes a determined effort to be fair and to give extra-candid attention to everything

decalog tumbles after it. I suppose there has never been a war in which women have not been outraged and innocent people killed out of hand. In this chaos of human relations we ought to respect every bit of self-restraint and virtue that is left. What is true or false in the charges in detail I despair of determining.

"But there is one fundamental fact to be remembered—and I have not seen the point made anywhere, simple as it is—that the Germans are in the enemy's country and the Allies are not. German soldiers are in direct contact with the homes, the women, and the industries of the Belgians and the French. The Allies have not burned German towns nor harmed German women because they have not set foot on German soil except briefly in the Alsace. If they march on Berlin, we shall see what we shall see. This simple difference seems to me to demand a stay in judgment from every fair-minded man."

On the subject of Germany's hostility to England, he recalls that "no doubt the feeling against England has been tense for years, and the conviction prevailed that some time the matter would have to be fought out." He proceeds:

"Now, our relations to England for many years have been so close and friendly, we feel such deep admiration for her power, her literature, her historic liberties, that instinctively we feel that the attitude of Germany is unreasonable, dangerous, vicious, and provocative of war. We have forgotten how John's face looks when he is crowded. We knew when he stopt American ships to press the sailors before 1812, and when he tried to turn our Capital into a cow pasture.

"No one sees the present war fairly who does not apply the doctrine of economic determinism to the alinement of the Powers. Up to 1870 Germany was a disorganized crowd of small States; it had no fleet, no common diplomatic or commercial policy. At that time England was kind and contemptuous. When Germany was united through the war with France, it slowly learned team work. It applied more scientific intelligence and trained ability to its work than any nation on the earth. While we have been plundering our soil and while great parts of England have drifted out of cultivation, Germany has cultivated even her moorlands and planted her hills with paying forests. She maintains 67,000,000 people on an area smaller than Texas, and much of it poor land.

"When England became a modern industrial nation, great parts of her working class were pauperized in the process. Germany passed through the same transition, but lifted her working class with her. She has put a firm hand on her millionaires and a protecting arm about her working class, so that very few of them now care to emigrate to our country. Her great cities are so clean, beautiful, and safe that English cities—and even Paris—look slatternly beside them. They have cut out graft, they tax land-values, and practise public ownership. The *per capita* debt of France is fifteen times as great as that of Germany. Nor has this development been only material. In almost every element of the higher life Germany leads the world. In creative science and philosophy every scholar knows that this is true. In music Paderewski says she stands in a class by herself. In intellectual spirituality the Germans compare with the English and Americans as the Greeks compared with the Romans.

"Now imagine this highly efficient team work invading the outside world. German exports grew. German business and technical skill captured contracts. Young German business men pushed young Englishmen out of their office-chairs, even in England, because they knew more and worked harder. Germany has only two good ports to connect her with the Atlantic Ocean, but on that slender base she built up a carrying-trade



PRAYING FOR SUCCESS TO RUSSIA'S ARMS.

Public supplications in Petrograd before the battle of Augustovo. Besides bearing the Czar's portrait the banners are inscribed with "Victory for Russia and the Slavs" and "God Save the Czar."

that reaches us on behalf of Austria and Germany." This statement is preliminary to a plea for open-mindedness made by Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch, of the Rochester Theological Seminary, in *The Congregationalist* (Boston). He confesses to German descent, and says he has "relatives and dear friends fighting on both sides." But he feels the case of Germany, as this country treats it, is like "a trial in which one side has the floor in the court-room, while the other side is out on the street and can shout its statements only when the insiders are willing to open a window." He exhibits his neutrality by asserting that "there is not a nation at war which has not some justification and some spiritual values at stake, and I think I could make out a fairly strong case for any one of them." But he feels that "the case for Austria and Germany is understated and obscured at present," and he proceeds to "state a few really fundamental points of view which help to explain their position." First as to atrocities:

"We have probably all begun to realize that we must make large deductions for wilful lying, and still more for the inevitable exaggeration in times of excitement, bitterness, and fear. But for my part, I find nothing incredible in the worst charges—cruel destruction by Germans, assassination by Belgians, mutilation by Russians and French Turcos. When we reverse the first law of morality and make it a duty to kill, the rest of the

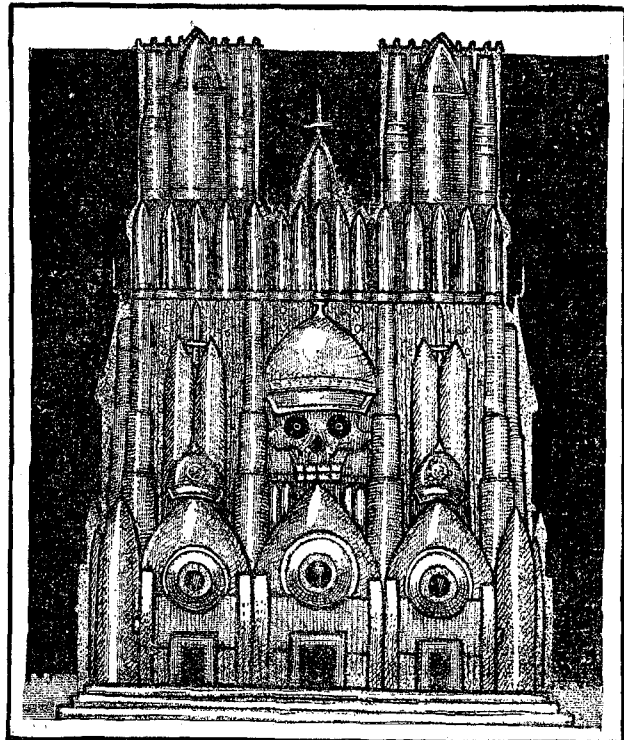
that covered the oceans with a network of lines. She built a navy to protect them, and built ships more cheaply and swiftly than the English could.

"Remember that this German commercial invasion found England in possession of the markets and all the choice colonial possessions. Consequently every forward move of Germany jarred and angered English interests. That was only human. England is the greatest imperialistic Power in the world, and its possessions were acquired in all sorts of ways, but always with a strong right arm. This was 'England's historic mission.' But when Germany began to pick up remnants of the earth that England had not considered worth while, it was aggression."

"Nations rarely fight for moral issues alone," observes Dr. Rauschenbusch; "always for material interests complicated with moral questions," and "for such causes as this nations have always sooner or later fought"—

"England is right in condemning the violation of Belgian neutrality; but I do not believe she would have gone to war if France had violated Swiss neutrality. The possible occupation of the Belgian ports by her worst rival was another matter. She feels now that she must protect the small States; yet she crushed the Boer republics with such brutal aggression that great numbers of the best Englishmen protested. Her ally, Russia, is the great devourer of peaceful China. Her other ally, Japan, is now using Chinese territory for war purposes against the protest of China. Does England get excited about that?"

"In many conversations with leading men in Germany I found that they were bitter against England because they foresaw that England would let her French allies take the real sufferings of war, while she took its possible gain. Poor France is being devastated; all her available men are fighting. England is safe; she has less than two hundred thousand men on the field; before her own resources are fairly tapped, she is importing colonial troops, Russians, and Asiatics to help her. Her great fleet has not taken a single risk against the German ports. The long Baltic coast-line of Germany has been untroubled; the Baltic has been left as a German lake. I believe the Germans are fighting France without anger this time; only with pity, as a matter of necessity. Against the English they feel differently."

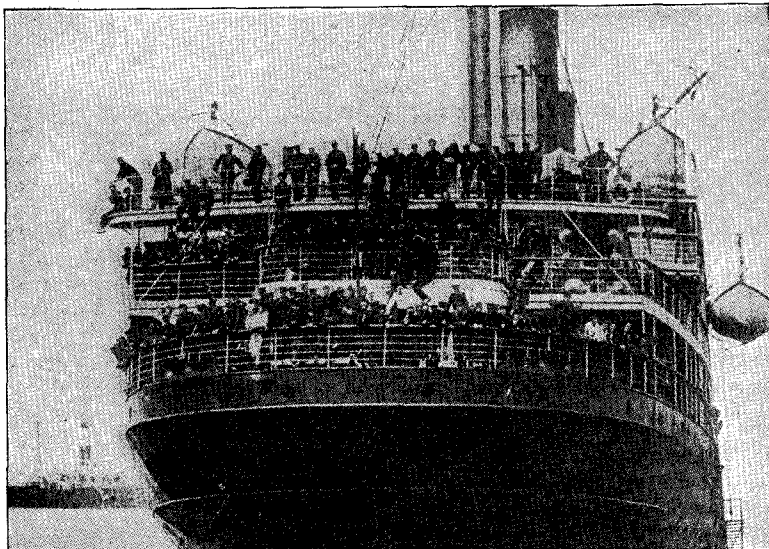


AFTER THE WAR THE CATHEDRAL OF REIMS WILL BE REBUILT IN A STYLE MORE IN HARMONY WITH OUR PRESENT-DAY CULTURE THAN THE MIDDLE-AGE GOTHIC.

—De. Notenkraeker (Amsterdam).

WHY THE ENGLISH CHURCH GOES FORTH TO WAR

IN CONTRAST with much that has been written of the failure of Christianity in Europe, with assertions that the Prince of Peace no longer dwells in the hearts of his nominal followers, comes the clarion call of *The Canadian Churchman* (Toronto) to all Anglicans as Christians to go forth to war with



DEPARTURE OF CANADIAN FORCES.

One-half of these are said to be adherents of the Anglican faith. "The traditions of the Church of England," says *The Canadian Churchman*, "are in complete sympathy with service in defense of the country."

bayonet and machine gun against the Kaiser. There comes a time in the affairs of men, we are told, "when sin and self have intruded with the appeal to force that the only answer that can be made is in the same language of force. Anything else would be craven and recreant." So, instead of the command to turn our cheek when smitten by our enemy, this Canadian editor is mindful rather of the Psalmist's song of such a time, "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." Well may the Christians of the British Empire, we read further,

"give thanks to God for the men of our nation, strong, alert, and devoted. We are not a nation of puny weaklings, starved by the crabbed hand of an ill Providence, but a race of stalwarts nurtured on the rich harvests of a virgin soil. 'Live at peace with all men as much as in you lieth.' But the only way to see eye to eye with some men is along a gun-barrel.

"Sons of freedom every one are we. Can we refuse our aid when freedom itself calls us? Through the long process of centuries the leaven of the New Testament truths of individual worth and liberty has been working, and now we stand a nation wherein each man's rights are the concern of the State itself.

"A tyrant has arisen in the earth, a man of violence, who seeks to crush all power against his own and to rob the weaker nations of their rights. By long concealment of his grudge and by the deception of a promised peace, he has trained a nation to be soldiers. He hurls against a world astonished by his duplicity the men he has fed on dreams of empire to be won by force of arms.

"Emergency is the only word which covers the situation his unrighteous dealings have created. Emergency is the only word which conveys the strength of the armies he commands. That emergency is not one for Belgium, or France, or Great Britain alone, but it is for the whole British Empire. There is not the shadow of a doubt as to his desires. His resentment against England for her righteous championing of the cause of Belgium he makes no attempt to conceal. The check to his arms he lays ultimately at the door of the British. Her fleet has swept the seas and destroyed his commerce. The inviolate isle seems to mock him and stands as witness of the virility of democracy, with which he has no truce. His course has been stayed by sacrifice.

Two months ago he would have made Belgium and France the hinterlands of Germany but for the men who laid down their lives for the freedom of their country.

"Great Britain has given men and means to drive back the common peril. All through the country was posted:

"YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NEED YOU."

From Canada, we are reminded, twenty-two thousand men went forth in answer to this call. But the war will be long; more men must go from Canada, and this editor is quite certain as to the duty of his readers:

"The man who is free to go has to give his answer as to why he should not go. He has to give that answer to his country and, on the peril of his manhood, to himself.

"Preparation is the duty of every man, whether he can go now or must wait until the danger becomes more acute or nearer home (which God forbid). He should know sufficient squad drill to enable him to become one of a body which can be moved rapidly and compactly. He should be able to give a good account of himself with a rifle. Accuracy of shooting is an important factor, as accounts from the field tell us. For efficient service training is required."

No swaggering and boasting! "He is a poor fool who boasts when warm, red, human blood alone can make good his boast." The *Churchman's* editorial concludes with a word on the part being taken and to be taken by the Church in this struggle:

"Anglicans have taken their full part in the Empire's struggle up to the present. No figures have been given out regarding the Canadian contingent which has landed at Plymouth, but it is safe to say one-half of the men are Anglicans. The traditions of the Church of England are in complete sympathy with service in defense of the country. The Church should be the whole state at prayer, and Anglican tradition has always held for the interpenetration of every department of life with the ideals of religion. The list of the sons of the Church of England who have served their country in military service is a long and honorable one. The Anglicans in Canada will keep true to the traditions of their Church and country."

Popes gave absolution to Crusaders who died fighting the heathen foe. And so a poetic tribute to "The Rank and File" which follows the *Churchman* editorial concludes with these words of promise for the hereafter:

"Tho all your lives belie you, rude hand and ruder lips,
At last ye shine transfigured in death's apocalypse.
When by one deed that washes each soul as white as snow
From merely man grown Godlike to God at last you go."

ENGLISH VIEW OF GERMAN MORALS

THE ETHICAL POSITION of Germany in the present war, treated with so much conciliation by Dr. Rauschenbusch in another article, is viewed from quite a different angle in the *London Times*. This writer takes the case of Professor Eucken as a representative one of the present temper of German ethical reasoning under the spell of war's necessities. The point of departure is a recent book by Dr. Eucken on "The Spirit of the Times" in which he shows himself not "pleased with the state of affairs in Germany." "He writes definitely to bid Germany collect its mind, bethink itself of the true sources of national greatness, cease to be dazzled by the immense material achievements of the past generation, and to realize that with all this advance in the material sphere and the worship of the *Kraftideal*, there has been a spiritual and ethical retrogression of a very serious kind." Professor Eucken, we are reminded, "may be regarded as the most authoritative ethical teacher of the class to which he belongs in contemporary Germany," yet the position he takes, so this writer thinks, is not unlike that of the German Reichstag after the Zabern incident which the Munich paper *Simplicissimus* satirized so biting:

"There were two companion pictures, one of which represented a crowd of excited females battering at a closed door. Underneath this was the legend: 'There will be no women in the next English Parliament.' The other drawing represented a crowd

of bowed and sheeplike figures, seen from behind, apparently doing reverence to some symbol of authority, with the words below: 'Nor men in the German.' Irresistibly this deadly thrust of the satirical dog in *Simplicissimus* recurs to the mind in reading Professor Eucken's latest word of counsel and warning to his countrymen.

"The war has forced upon him a definite and concrete issue which he could not possibly evade. The issue is contained in the question, What about Belgium? We know how he has answered it. 'The advance through Belgium' was, it seems, 'necessary,' and with that 'necessary' all that is called for is said. But Germany was not in a position in which anything that could be rationally called a necessity had yet arisen. If that was necessary, any baseness, any treachery, might equally be called necessary if it were supposed to yield a military advantage. Eucken might here have said the word which would perhaps have won him obloquy in the present, but which his countrymen would in later and better days have recognized as the truest wisdom, the most faithful and patriotic counsel. He did not utter it. Deliberately he faced the issue; he came down on the Governmental side, he abased himself before the very *Kraftideal* which he had denounced with innocuous eloquence so long as he could keep it at a safe distance in the realm of philosophic abstractions; and in so doing he abased—for his position enabled him to do so—the whole of German ethical culture in the eyes of the civilized world.

"This and other more drastic revelations as to the worth of that culture have led in England to some curious and interesting speculations. It has been suggested from several quarters that the bad faith and the shocking cruelty and destructiveness with which Germany is waging war can be accounted for by that sapping of the historic data of orthodox Christianity which has been carried on so largely by German professorial criticism. One correspondent in *The Times* has recently quoted a beautiful and plausible passage of romantic nonsense from Heinrich Heine about the shattering of the Gothic cathedrals by the hammer of a risen Thor—the symbol which for the German is to displace the Cross. A moment's consideration, coupled with an elementary knowledge of history, ought to be enough to dispel this fancy. Never were wars waged with more ferocity and bad faith than in the days when those cathedrals were being built, nor were the cathedrals themselves always spared. In the present day France has broken more completely than Germany with the creed which ought to have averted the agony of Belgium and safeguarded the towers of Reims. The Kaiser is an orthodox believer of the Lutheran brand. M. Anatole France, on the other hand, might not unjustly be described as unbelief incarnate. Let us note, then, his words on the destruction of Reims:

"Soldiers of the right, we shall remain worthy of our cause. We will show ourselves until the end formidable and magnanimous. . . . We will exact pitiless vengeance on these criminals. We will not soil our victory by any crime, and on their soil, when we have conquered their last army and reduced their last fortress, we will proclaim that the French people admit to their friendship the conquered enemy."

"It is not from this side that we hear the demand which might have been expected for a barbarous retaliation in kind."

The bombardment of Reims and the excuses alleged for it, the writer concludes, are most instructively typical of the errors into which a system-ridden people may fall when they come to deal with what Bismarck called the imponderabilia—human forces that do not admit of being systematized:

"A building which is used for military purposes may be attacked—that is the theory. The cathedral is a building, and the French, so it is alleged, had an observation-post on its towers. And so, without warning or remonstrance, down comes a rain of shells as if the 'building' in this case were a villa or a barn instead of being one of the wonders and treasures of the world. The French lost their observation-post—if they had one; Germany lost something in the eyes of the civilized world which generations of peace will not restore to her. Nietzsche, in a famous passage in the 'Genealogy of Morals,' notes the aversion, the fear, the 'icy mistrust' with which the European peoples have regarded the rise of Germany to power, and ascribes this feeling to the haunting memory of the devastating ferocity with which the Goths and Vandals long ago overran the civilizations of the south. Apparently there is no one in Germany with perception enough to see the unwisdom, the imprudence from the lowest material point of view, of making that memory start out again, vivid and vengeful, and backed by far other powers than those which Rome in her decadence could command."

REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

MRS. PARNELL'S BOOK ABOUT PARNELL

Parnell, Mrs. (Katherine O'Shea). Charles Stewart Parnell: His Love-Story and Political Life. Two volumes. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. xvii-259-273. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$5 net.

This book, announced as a "startlingly frank revelation of the famous love-affair of the 'uncrowned king of Ireland,'" belongs to a class of writings that might be called the forbidden fruit of literature. Critics of weight allude to it as one of the most remarkable books of these times and state that it has already created a great sensation. Those who hold the memory of Parnell dear and persist in regarding his lapse from morality, however serious in itself, as an episode in a career of unrivaled distinction, are certain to resent the publication of the book, and especially its being timed to coincide with the successful accomplishment of Home Rule. Literary productions of this class are undoubtedly interesting, but are usually reserved for publication until after the death of the author. Such, indeed, was the original intention in the case of this volume, but the arguments against posthumous publication were probably too strong to be withstood.

The tragic *dénouement* of Parnell's brilliant and dramatic career is still fresh in the public memory. Few men in political life have attained to that supreme power, so personal in its nature, which he wielded over his countrymen, and used solely for the benefit of the national cause. With the exception of O'Connell, no man in the long and discouraging record of Ireland's struggle for freedom so incarnated the spirit of a whole people in its aspirations for self-government. By a paradox not isolated in Irish history, he was, as regards personal characteristics, more an Englishman than a Celt. He was probably devoid of a single Irish trait and had the accent of a cockney. Yet this cold, impassionate aristocrat, lacking as an orator and in personal magnetism, gained such an ascendancy over the people of Ireland as had not been known since the days of the Liberator. The story of his virtually autocratic power in Ireland, of his creation of the Nationalist party, and of the long and memorable battle in Parliament for Home Rule, his unrivaled strategy whereby he secured the balance of power which enabled him to overthrow either of the great parties as it suited his purpose, his long parliamentary duel with Gladstone, whom he finally won over to the cause—all these events are given from an intimate and personal point of view by one who was a participant in the drama.

All the world has heard of Parnell's ill-fated infatuation for Katherine O'Shea, the wife of Captain O'Shea, his intimate friend and political protégé. The illicit relation was kept secret for ten years, and was finally revealed to the world in the proceedings of a divorce court. Even the dauntless mettle of a Parnell could not withstand the storm that broke over his head when his secret was divulged. The Catholic clergy, hitherto his powerful ally, condemned him without mercy. Gladstone disowned him. He defied his enemies, and, organizing a separate party with the remnant of his followers, appealed to the

peasantry of Ireland, for whom he had sacrificed everything, including his patrimonial estates. The dramatic character of the immense gatherings that assembled to hear his speeches address to the "men of the hillsides" is still remembered. The strain proved too much for his ever-frail health. Never was ruin more inevitable. The man who had recognized no criterion but success saw his life-work end in dismal failure. He died broken-hearted, still battling for the now vanished dream of Home Rule.

All this and much more of a secret nature are told in a narrative not lacking in glowing phrase and vivid descriptive touches by the woman who became the Irish leader's Egeria and political intermediary, and, later on, his wife. Whether or not she has earned the execration which the Irish people have visited upon her, and which she returns in kind in her amazing book, must be left to the reader's judgment. She has torn aside the veil which most women insist on interposing between the public gaze and their private lives, and has exposed to vulgar curiosity the whole of the private correspondence which Parnell address to her with its burden of unhallowed love, its secret avowals, its yearning tenderness, and, above all, its revelation of an utterly new, unsuspected, and intensely human personality which lay concealed under an exterior of ice and iron. Of the personality of Parnell, the author gives an interesting sketch:

"When I first met Mr. Parnell, in 1880, he was unusually tall and very thin. His features were delicate with that pallid pearly tint of skin that was always peculiarly his. The shadows under his deep somber eyes made them appear larger than they were, and the eyes themselves were the most striking feature of his cold, handsome face. They were a deep brown, with no apparent unusualness about them except an odd compulsion and insistence in their direct gaze that, while giving the impression that he was looking through and beyond them, bent men unconsciously to his will. But when moved by strong feeling a thousand little fires seemed to burn and flicker in the somber depths, and his cold, inscrutable expression gave way to a storm of feeling that held one spellbound by its utter unexpectedness.

"His hair was very dark brown, with a bronze glint on it in sunlight, and grew very thickly on the back of the shapely head, thinning about the high forehead. His beard, mustache, and eyebrows were a lighter brown. His features were very delicate, especially about the fine-cut nostrils; and the upper lip short, tho the mouth was not particularly well shaped. His was a very handsome, aristocratic face, very cold, proud, and reserved; almost all the photographs of him render the face too heavy and thicken the features.

"He had an old-world courtliness of manner when speaking to women, a very quiet, very grave charm of consideration that appealed to them at once in its silent tribute to the delicacy of womanhood. I always thought his manner to women, whether equals or dependents, was perfect. In general society he was gracious without being familiar, courteous but reserved, interested yet aloof, and of such an unconscious dignity that no one, man or woman, ever took a liberty with him.

"In the society of men his characteristic reserve and 'aloofness' were much more

strongly marked, and even in the true friendship he had with at least two men he could more easily have died than have lifted the veil of reserve that hid his inmost feeling. I do not now allude to his feeling for myself, but to any strong motive of his heart—his love for Ireland and of her peasantry, his admiration that was almost worship of the great forces of nature—the seas and the winds, the wonders of the planet worlds, and the marvels of science.

"Yet I have known him expand and be thoroughly happy, and even boyish, in the society of men he trusted. Immensely, even arrogantly, proud, he was still keenly sensitive and shy, and he was never gratuitously offensive to any one. In debate his thrusts were ever within the irony permitted to gentlemen at war, even if beyond that which could be congenial to the Speaker of the House or to a chairman of committee. . . .

"Parnell went into nothing half-heartedly, and was never content till he had grasped every detail of his subject. For this reason he gave up the study of astronomy, which had become of engrossing interest to him, for he said that astronomy is so enormous a subject that it would have demanded his whole time and energy to satisfy him. He was constitutionally lazy, and absolutely loathed beginning anything, his delicate health having, no doubt, much to do with this inertia, of which he was very well aware. He always made me promise to 'worry' him into making a start on any important political work, meeting, or appointment, when the proper time came. . . .

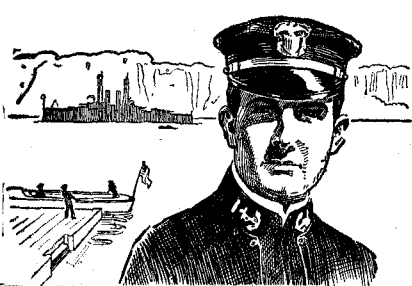
"In character Parnell was curiously complex. Just, tender, and considerate, he was nevertheless incapable of forgiving an injury, and most certainly he never forgot one. His code of honor forbade him to bring up a wrong of private life against a public man, and he had a subtle love of truth that dares to use it as the shield of expediency.

"Physically Parnell was so much afraid of pain and ill-health that he suffered in every little indisposition and hurt far more than others of less highly strung and sensitive temperament. He had such a horror of death that it was only by the exercise of the greatest self-control that he could endure the knowledge or sight of it; but his self-control was so perfect that never by word or deed did he betray the intense effort and real loathing he suffered when obliged to attend a funeral, or to be in any way brought into contact with death or the thought thereof. Whenever we passed, in our drive, a churchyard or cemetery he would turn his head away, or even ask me to take another road. The only exception to this very real horror of his was the little grave of our baby girl at Chiselhurst, which he loved; but then he always said, 'She did not die, she only went to sleep.'"

OTHER WORKS OF HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Agassiz, G. R. Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz. With a Sketch of His Life and Work. With portraits and other illustrations. Pp. 644. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50 net.

The task to which the son of Alexander Agassiz has here set himself has been performed *con amore*. The pictures which he offers are etched with sympathy and their lines are strong and sure. The contrasts in temperament and in conviction between the gifted scientist and his distinguished father, Louis Agassiz are



A naval officer I know canceled a lot of engagements last week in order to devote the time to his dentist.

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sharply drawn. A passionate love of natural science seems to have been almost their only common trait. The elder Agassiz, robust, buoyant, reverent, conservative, was ever a great teacher, kindling the enthusiasm of thousands for science-study. His son, retiring, cautious, intolerant, yet swiftly progressive, and surrendered to research, is justly named as a great investigator. How far the natural reserve of Alexander Agassiz was deepened by the sorrow with which the early death of his wife shadowed his life we may not determine.

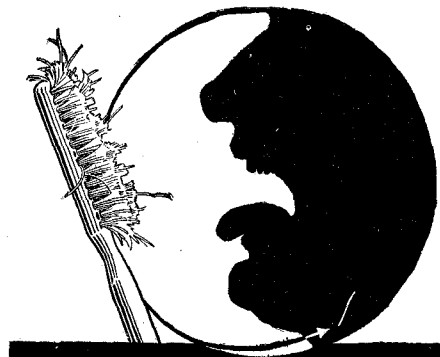
To the scientist, the interest of the biography lies in the results of Agassiz's voyages in nearly every sea upon the globe, in which he gathered facts and specimens of first importance for the up-building of the great Agassiz Museum at Harvard University, and of the sciences to which the Museum is devoted.

Yet, curiously enough, the most romantic part of his career is his rescue of the Calumet and Hecla mines from imminent wreck, to become the source of great fortunes to investors and of prosperity and happiness to thousands of workingmen. Only rare executive ability and mighty patience, combined with scientific knowledge, could have wrought that slowly coming miracle. "Since Hecla paid its first dividend in 1869, the company had paid to its stockholders, up to December 31, 1909, the huge sum of \$110,550,000." That mine is "a monument such as few men can show as a result of a life's work; when we consider that it was the by-product of the brain of a man whose life's interest was abstract science, the monument becomes unique." By the wealth which came to him personally from this valiant adventure he was "enabled to lead a series of scientific expeditions to the ends of the earth, any one of which would have more than fulfilled the fondest dreams of many a poor naturalist patiently bending over his microscope."

Higginson, Mary Thacher. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Story of His Life. 8vo, pp. 435. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.00.

A typical American of the best type, Thomas Wentworth Higginson had a remarkably many-sided nature and a genius which adapted him for a life of varied activity and accomplishment. He came of the highest class of New Englanders. Generations of his ancestors had served God and fought for their country and their rights as he was destined to do. In early life his religious piety led him to be a preacher, after serving some time as a tutor at Harvard. In 1850 he left his congregation at Newburyport, because as an abolitionist he could not work harmoniously with it. The honesty of his convictions is shown in the way in which he took command of a regiment of emancipated slaves in the Civil War, and was wounded and invalided in 1863, from which period he actively applied himself to literature, as well as to the study and promulgation of advanced educational news.

The present volume, the work of his wife, reveals the personality of a clever and conscientious man who could fight equally well with the weapons of peace and the weapons of war. He was the last survivor of that brilliant group which comprised Longfellow, Holmes, Motley, and Lowell, and his essays and sketches are



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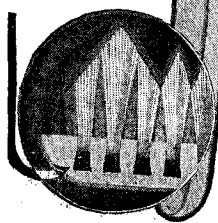
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treasured on many library shelves. His last work was a life of Longfellow, published in 1902.

Mrs. Higginson's pleasing memoir is full of bright sketches of character and anecdotes of characteristic point. She writes with a sweet and unaffected grace that the friends and admirers of Mr. Higginson will acknowledge with gratitude.

J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. Adonis, Attis, Osiris. Studies in the History of Oriental Religion. 3d ed., 2 vols., 8vo, pp. xvii-317, 321. London and New York: Macmillans. 20s. net.

The separate issue of Part IV. of "The Golden Bow" took place in 1906 in a single volume. The present edition is expanded into two full volumes by the addition of several chapters. The new matter comes from several sources—especially Bandissin's work on Adonis, Budge's noteworthy volumes on Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection, and Garstang's on the Hittites. Besides these, a number of other recent works adducing ethnological and other material have been laid under tribute, so that most of the available data are brought up to date. There appears to have been, however, one omission of a pertinent and notable source—William Hayes Ward's original work on the seal cylinders of western Asia. Some items concerning which Dr. Frazer's information is either uncertain or erroneous might have been definitely or correctly put had this authority been employed. Still, a mass of facts has been brought together which—when sifted, verified, and disentangled from occasional doubtful exegesis—is of permanent value.

The Empress Frederick. A Memoir. Pp. 371. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1914. \$2.50.

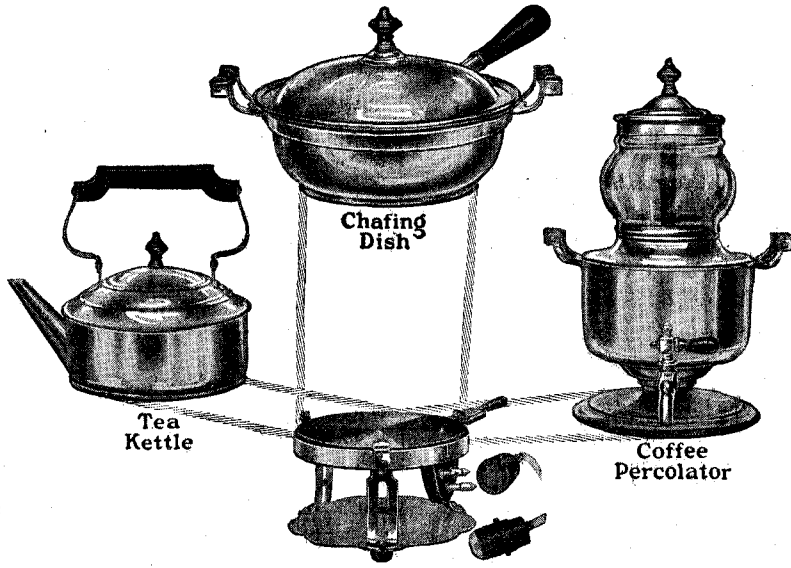
Strangely enough, little is known, and almost nothing has been written, about the mother of Germany's Emperor, William II. While the present author prefers to remain anonymous, we are assured that he is thoroughly conversant with her life, and has written a "biography, intimate, discreet, authentic, and interesting." Unlike most royal persons, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert lived a very normal life, free from unnecessary exactions of royal etiquette. Her father instructed her in all healthy, out-of-door sports, and educated her along lines which included an understanding of statesmanship and political conditions. Her marriage with Prince Frederick William of Prussia was a love-match. There was never a cloud on their married life, except such as were caused by death and natural sorrow. Their esteem was mutual and their home life happy. The Princess Royal was full of personal enthusiasm, sympathetic toward suffering, active in philanthropic movements, and yet in her fifty years of Berlin activity she was often misunderstood and misjudged. Bismarck worked against her, and yet frankly admired her intellect and ability. The author gives a very fair account of her mistakes, apparent and real, and pays a high tribute to her personality. "All through her life," we are told, "one of the Princess's mental peculiarities was that of thinking it impossible that any reasoning human being could object to anything that was obviously in itself a good and wise measure."

Bryce, James. (1) *The Ancient Roman Empire and the British Empire in India.* (2) *The Diffusion of Roman and English Law Throughout the World.* Two Historical Studies. 8vo, pp. 138. New York: Oxford University Press. \$1.90.

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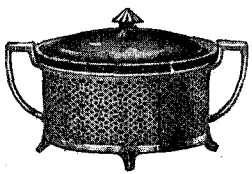
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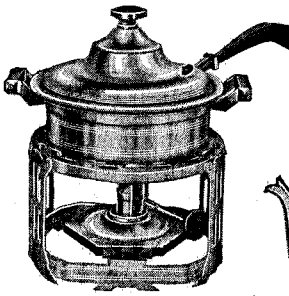
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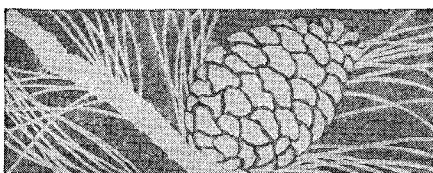
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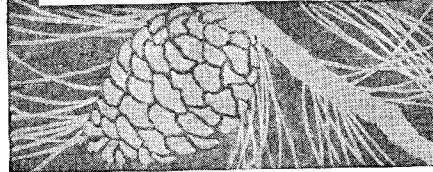
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Lord Bryce does much in these two essays to place the Government of India in its true historical perspective with regard to the Roman conquest of the various nations and the establishment of a Roman empire in civilized countries. In fact, we may say that the Romans were superior to the British in one respect. The fields they traversed, the cities they captured, the temples they seized upon were turned into something Roman. A Goth in the time of the Christian emperors became the head of the Roman army in Constantinople, a Spanish soldier was made Emperor of Rome, and the Roman language became an instrument with which a Spanish poet expressed himself in meters which Rome had borrowed from Athens and Alexandria. This is not the way in which we must describe the relations of England with India. India is ruled under the British raj by downward pressure. India has not become Anglicized. As Bryce remarks:

"The English have impressed the imagination of the people by their almost uniform success. . . . That over 300,000,000 of men should be ruled by a few pale-faced strangers seems too wonderful to be anything but the doing of some unseen and irresistible divinity. I heard at Lahore an anecdote, which, slight as it is, illustrates the way in which the native thinks of these things. A tiger had escaped from the Zoological Gardens, and its keeper, hoping to allure it back, followed it. When all other inducements had failed, he lifted up his voice and solemnly adjured it in the name of the British Government, to which it belonged, to come back to its cage. The tiger obeyed.

"In the high-class grades of the civil administration there are only about 1,200 persons; and these 1,200 control 315,000,000, doing it with so little friction that they have ceased to be surprised at this extraordinary fact."

Mr. Bryce does not fail to point out the astounding character of this plain fact. He writes, of course, with the same copious and natural flow of learning, the same candor, the same clear and felicitous phraseology as are characteristics of all his essays. These essays, separated as they have been from his "Studies in History and Jurisdiction," gain special significance from their very isolation in one volume.

Traubel, Horace. With Walt Whitman in Camden. 3d vol., 8vo, pp. viii-590. With portraits, facsimile letters, and index of names. New York: Mitchell Kennerly. \$3.00 net.

The third volume of Horace Traubel's Boswellian biography of Walt Whitman contains 583 pages of closely packed matter and continues this extraordinary record of the now world-famous "Good Gray Poet." It is a formidable literary production, quite in keeping with the unconventional character of the subject, who was in all things unlike other men—a literary anarchist ignoring all models and precedents in life and art and an original in all things. Whitman's rise and formal installation in the ranks of fame are one of the paradoxes of contemporary literature. At first scoffed at as a crank and mountebank of letters, he came gradually to be looked upon as a thinker and writer of original power.

The naked truth is what Mr. Traubel has aimed at regarding his idol. To attain this he has, in the plan of his work, cast aside art, order, style, grammar, chapter-division, all hitherto regarded as the essentials of a book, and has assembled in a heterogeneous mass all that has any bearing on Walt Whitman's long life and varied ac-

tivities—his favorite authors, his views on philosophy, art, politics, religion, his literary heroes, among whom are mentioned Carlyle, Tolstoy, Victor Hugo, and Eugene Sue. In photographic accuracy and minuteness of detail this amazing production outranks Boswell himself, the author's model. The effect on the reader is as though the contents of an omnipresent phonograph had been disgorged in print. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Traubel's book as literature, it is a veritable mine of material for future biographers. Through all the dross runs a vein of rich virgin ore.

Out of the chaos of Mr. Traubel's pages emerges a portrait of Whitman. Stripped of his vesture of hero-worship, he confronts us as he is in reality—a prototype of the new recruits to the world of learning provided by the intellectual middle classes made possible in an age of print. He is, as it were, the glorified *roturier* of literature, the ideal of the proletarian *élite* whom the public libraries have endowed, as they imagine, with the learning of all the ages. Above all, he is the representative of those who have partaken of the forbidden fruit of learning, and whose religious faith and normal traditions, undermined by the writings of Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, and especially Ingersoll, for whom the Camden philosopher professes deep admiration, have been replaced by the religion of progress and the modern cult of democracy. The recent claims of his admirers that he was a man of deep learning are absurd. His writings and conversations indicate that he had skimmed over the works of great authors, but his culture was nondescript, and he gives the impression of one who had been at a great feast of learning and brought home the scraps.

Bradford, Gamaliel. Confederate Portraits. 8vo, pp. 291. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, \$2.50.

In this book, eight of the leaders of the Confederate forces during the War of Secession are portrayed in a vigorous and sometimes severely candid way by the clever author of "Lee, the American." There are lifelike touches in the intimate description he gives us of Judah P. Benjamin, for instance, or Raphael Semmes, that "elderly, respectable, professional man," "no pirate," the commanding a privateer. Robert Toombs, with his impressive physique, a born fighter as well as fiery orator, and something like a savior to Georgia, has never been so picturesquely described both in his excellences and defects. In the political world, where he figured most, Stephens seems to have been pitifully ineffectual. As in the case of Benjamin, "lack of deep and heartfelt convictions, a shallow opportunism, prevented the man from making any distinguished mark on the history of time." With Stephens the same result "followed from an exactly opposite cause, and the excess of conviction most nobly nullified a prominent and notable career." The author feels sure that posterity "will adjust the difference and that Stephens will grow more and more in our history as a figure of commanding purity, sincerity, distinction, and patriotism."

Mann, Horace K. Nicholas Breakspear (Hadrian IV.). Twenty illustrations and map, 8vo, pp. 134. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Hender. \$1.

This admirable biography, which on its earlier appearance formed a chapter in Mr. Mann's larger work on the popes, will be particularly interesting to English and American readers, for Hadrian IV. was baptized Nicholas Breakspear, and was born

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The Cello Metal Hot Water Bottle is just as vital a necessity as your fire, life, or accident insurance policy—because prompt use of the Cello will insure you against the many emergencies incident to the cold days of Fall and Winter now before us.

One reason why the Cello can be thus depended upon for un-failing reliability, is because it is made of finest nickel-plated brass—which we have found to be the only material that will positively withstand the severe test to which a hot water bottle is subjected. No rubber to dry up, crack, burst, or leak.

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Note this extra long handle stopper—one of the many convenient features of the Cello—which makes it ideal for massage purposes.

The regular stopper has a special grip so as to be easy to tighten or loosen. Handy loop for attaching with cord. Well cut screw thread.

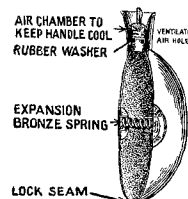
Notice the patent neck, with air chamber, shown also in sectional view. Always sufficiently cool to handle with comfort.

Then again, inside the Cello is that patented contraction spring (see sectional view) which keeps the Cello always in shape—just as necessary as the stopper for keeping the water from running out.

With each Cello comes this neat blue flannel bag with handy draw-strings.



Can be filled from any faucet or kettle without slightest danger of scalding or burning the hands.



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and you will readily see why it should be your choice, why 90% of the metal hot water bottles bought are Cellos, and why all the valuable patents, the features that make a bottle dependable and durable, are owned exclusively and found only in the Cello.

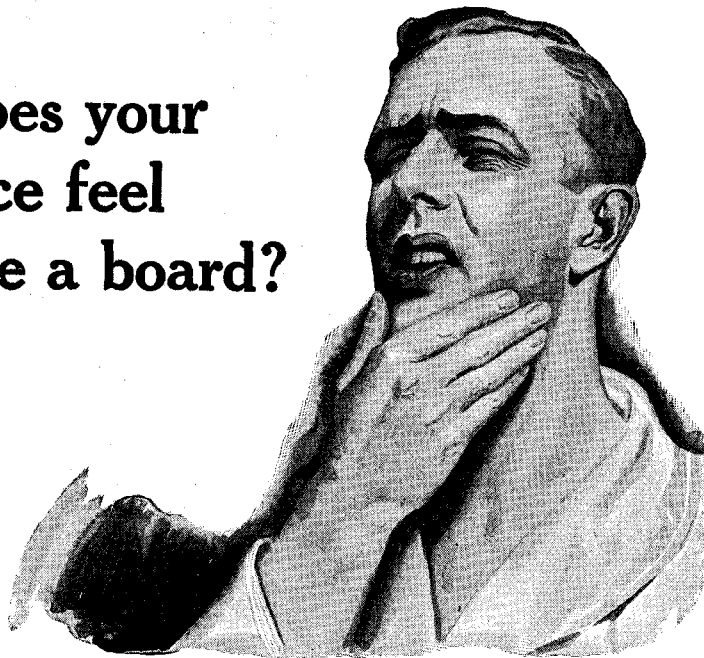
Once you use the Cello, you will never be satisfied with any other hot water bottle, because it never disappoints you.

So get the Cello today at your drug or department store, in 1, 3 and 5 pint sizes, prices \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$3.00 respectively. 35c extra for 1 pint massage handle; 50c extra for 3 and 5 pint sizes.

Should you fail to find the Cello, order direct from us, mentioning size wanted and your dealer's name, and we will deliver by parcel post prepaid. Your money back if you are not more than satisfied.

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Does your
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That drawn, wooden feeling is due to an excess of caustic in your shaving soap. So is the biting and smarting. "Rubbing in" the lather with your fingers works this irritant into your pores and makes matters worse.

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A few strokes of the brush works up a rich, creamy lather which softens the toughest beard.

No re-stropping; no re-lathering; no after-lotions; no time wasted; no sore, burning skin.

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lathering. I used your cream as per directions on same, and procured a clean, close, velvet shave in less than five minutes. It does not irritate the skin and is pleasant to use."

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Mennen's Shaving Cream

in England early in the twelfth century. As he has a warlike name, so he was of a warlike or pugnacious nature.

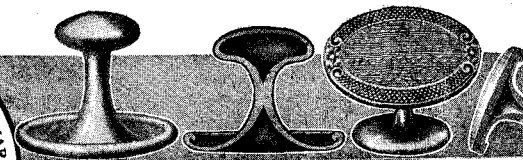
Like Wolsey in England he fought for the Church, and his first antagonist was the redoubtable Arnold of Brescia, who wished to restore what it was left for Garibaldi to restore in a more enlightened age—the royal supremacy in Rome. He crusht Arnold, who was eventually banished. The main conflict of his life, however, was with the Roman people, who refused to accept Frederick of Barbarossa, whom Hadrian had crowned as king on condition that he enforced the people's submission to the papal see. These incidents and the many other stormy passages in the life of the only English pope are well and perspicuously treated by this author, and we hope that those who read this volume will look upon it as an introduction to the learned work of which it forms one instalment. Nineteen plates and a map enhance the value of the book.

Frank, Tenney, Professor of Latin, Bryn Mawr College. Roman Imperialism. 8vo, pp. xi-365. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

This author has produced in clear and vigorous English a serious philosophical study of Roman territorial expansion, a subject of pertinent interest as applied to present-day world polity and of especial significance with regard to international affairs in our own country. The author's classical attainments have been of signal advantage, giving access to original sources of information and enabling the author to supplement the value of historical matter by excerpts from the literary productions of the period. The author has also made good use of knowledge gained from the works of distinguished modern historians, who are mentioned in a note of acknowledgment: Mommsen, Meyer, Abbott, Beloch, Botsford, Cardinali, Chabot, and Colin.

The central idea of Roman foreign policy was, in the author's view, a prudent liberality toward the conquered state, designed to heal the bitterness of conflict and bind the subject power to the conqueror by mutual interests and the granting of full citizenship. It was the exact opposite of the Greek idea, which treated a conquered people as virtual slaves. What aroused the ambition of the republic and started it upon the path of imperial progress was the war with Hannibal, which, tho at the beginning a series of disasters, had as its final result the definitive dominance of Rome as a world-power. It was the hard-won victory over Carthage which gave Rome her primacy among the nations and imbued her with the conviction of her invincibility.

The first great empire-builder who appears in Roman history is Pompey. In the wide range of human affairs there is perhaps no more amazing spectacle of mediocrity arriving at the pinnacle of success. Absolutely ignorant of the art of politics, he calmly appropriated the opinions of others and by means of his military prestige carried their ideas into effect. By degrees he came to regard himself as a great statesman and his self-rating was actually approved by the popular estimate. In a republic he wielded the shadowy power of an emperor, was feared like Sulla, and had statues erected in his honor. According to Froude, he was so handsome that "the women used to bite him." No more picturesque or puzzling example of greatness combined with fatuity has appeared



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upon the stage of history. He is the exact antithesis of Rome's greatest figure, Cæsar, who next appears upon the scene, the embodiment and type of Roman imperialism.

OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Wilcox, Ella Wheeler. The Art of Being Alive. Pp. 200. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. \$1 net.

This is a helpful little handbook, in which each of the thirty-seven chapters is complete. The author shows, both in poetry and prose, the tonic effect of right thinking and how each of us may achieve contentment, strength, and ability by the use of our mental forces. It has the elements of theosophy, some of the rules of mental science, and a great deal of what used to be called "common sense." The author applies the principles of thought to every condition of daily life, to every class of people, and gives for every one helpful counsel and good suggestions.

Shackleton, Robert and Elizabeth. The Charm of the Antique. Pp. 300. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. \$2.50.

It would be hard to estimate the value of such a book to an enthusiastic antique collector, since even to the layman it has fascination. The illustrations and the character of the book itself have a compelling charm and the subject-matter is entertaining. The author gives a sort of bird's-eye view of the whole realm of collecting, tells the ways and means of acquiring things worth while, and the necessity for knowledge of actual worth and values; and recites some entertaining experiences in searches for Chippendale, Sheraton, and Heppelwhite furniture. The book is full of good and helpful advice. It cautions against overenthusiasm and counsels moderation. The reader will long for some of the chairs, high-boys, sideboards, and porcelain that used to be so common in "grandfather's house," but the path of the collector is full of pitfalls; let him go carefully.

Grayson, David. The Friendly Road. Illustrated by Fogarty. Pp. 342. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.35 net.

Those familiar with David Grayson's former books will not have to be told that this is a continuous chronicle of Optimism. Such a spontaneous outpouring of a contented soul is restful and a delight to the reader. Tired of the monotony of his daily existence, and beginning to fear that the farm owns him instead of his owning the farm, the author set out with pack across his shoulder, and wandered into the country, carrying food for only a short time, no money and no definite plan, nothing but a penny whistle such as he played when a boy. Experiences—yes, even adventures—come thick and fast, and each makes a chapter of romantic narrative, permeated by the atmosphere of beautiful country life, cheery philosophy, and real inspiration. Mr. Grayson's method is delicious. He either whistles himself into the hearts of those he meets, or gains their confidence by joining them in their task of the moment. Each story is complete and satisfactory. In fact, the whole book is charming, sweet, and inspiring, full of "the very joy of living."

Most Missed.—"So you don't like living in the country? What do you miss most since moving out of town?"

"Trains."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



If the Grocer Sold It This Way

Suppose your grocer sold Puffed Grains in bowls—as they come to your table, floating in milk. Or with cream and sugar. Or mixed with fruit.

And suppose children did the buying.

Don't you know that a child—whatever you sent for—would bring home this Puffed Wheat or Rice?

None Can Resist It

You read here—in cold print—of these Puffed Grain fascinations. And we can't describe them—can't make them seem good enough.

Or you see the package at your grocery store, and it looks like other wrappings. So some of you don't get Puffed Grains, and your folks miss their delights.

But when one sees these grain bubbles—eight times normal size—she can't resist these airy, flaky morsels.

When one tastes them—thin, crisp, porous—they reveal an enticing flavor, like toasted nuts.

And when they come to one's table—in cream or milk—one wonders and regrets that the table ever lacked them.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
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Except in Extreme West

CORN
PUFFS
15c

Please find them out. Our plea is for your enjoyment and the joy of those you serve.

There is nothing else like them. Grains were never puffed before. Never before have all the food granules been blasted by steam explosion. These are the only foods fitted for easy digestion by Prof. Anderson's process.

Get them all. See which one you like best. Served in all the various ways. You'll be glad that we make them and glad we urged you. Get them today and see.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(707)

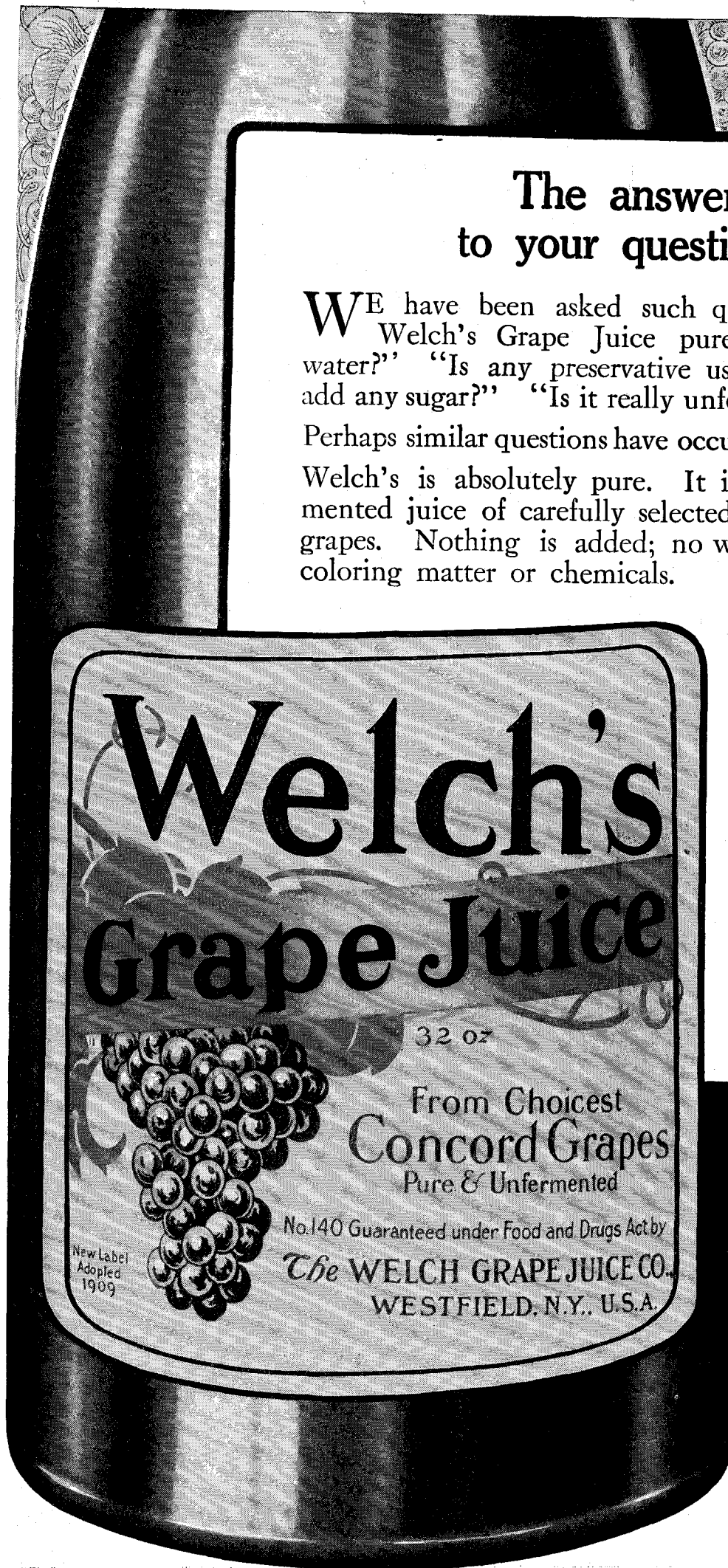
The answer to your questions

WE have been asked such questions as: "Is Welch's Grape Juice pure?" "Is it part water?" "Is any preservative used?" "Do you add any sugar?" "Is it really unfermented?"

Perhaps similar questions have occurred to you.

Welch's is absolutely pure. It is just the unfermented juice of carefully selected, fresh Concord grapes. Nothing is added; no water or sugar or coloring matter or chemicals.

As soon as the skin of the grape is broken the juice is sterilized and sealed in glass. Welch's as it comes from the bottle to your home is as pure as when sealed by Nature in the cluster. All questions are answered when the bottle bears the guarantee of the Welch label.



CURRENT POETRY

BY writing "Wine of Wizardry" and "The Black Vulture," George Sterling earned the gratitude of all lovers of poetry. And unlike most poets who suddenly become famous, he has steadily gained power. His new book, "Beyond the Breakers, and Other Poems" (A. M. Robertson), is better than any of the three distinguished volumes that preceded it.

Here, for example, is a poem in "the grand manner," sweeping, sonorous, splendid. Swinburne, in the vigor of his youth, wrote like this.

"TIDAL, KING OF NATIONS"

(Genesis xiv. 1-17)

BY GEORGE STERLING

Tidal, king of nations, is it night and silence for thee—

For all who smote by the slime-pits and were slain in the valley of kings?

Come there dreams to the bed of stone which none attaineth to see—

Mirth of thy captains, moan of thy slaves or shadow of voiceless things?

Amraphel and Arioch and Elam's over-lord,
Hold they still the pact they held by the salt-sea's bitter breath?

Speak they yet of the battle's range when the nine kings drew the sword?

Beck they now for a phantom wine in the sunless courts of Death?

Tidal, king of nations, the desert is seal of thy tomb;

He who breaketh that ashen seal may sell thy bones for a price.

Thy scepter rotteth unheld and thy chariot in the gloom,

And the ghosts of thy gods come not to the evening sacrifice.

There, tho the twilight deepen, no harps are sad for thy sake;

Thou with care for thy wraths alone hast seen how the captains fall.

Time for thy doves hath given dust, for thy melon-vine the snake,

The bitter's cry for thy viol's voice, and the bat for thy nightingale.

Tidal, king of nations, and traitor to each for pride,

Thou wert no wall to thy people, nor guard in a narrow place;

Thy will it was on Admah and the hearths of Zoar to ride,

Slaying beyond thy borders, till the arrow sang at thy face.

Treasure and flocks and women, and all things fair in thy sight,

They for thine eyes were herded—and what do thine eyes discern?

Poeman and friend are broken, and none remaineth to fight;

They that supped with War hath War now eaten in turn.

Tidal, king of nations, could life be given again,
For what thy sword uplifted in the battle that kings must use?

Would thy heart give thought to the secret of man's unsearchable pain,

Keeping thy trust with the orphan, and the widow's empty cruse?

The waterways are broken that led to the corn and grape;

Thy steel was to other torrents, thy steeds to another goal.

Alas for our faithless hands that mar whatever they shape—

For the dusts made equal now in the palm of the groping mole!

Tidal, king of nations, the world is weary of strife;
We stand aghast by our engines, that wait for the trumpet's call.

Must man be brute forever and Hate be lord over Life?

Nay! tho the midnight question, the morning answereth all!

Still wait the fields for the Sower, tho the lords of Ur be not;

The heavenly roads be open to the horses of the sun;

And still the mighty Hands, unchangeable, unbegot,

Test as of old the nations, till the many realms are one.

And here is an exquisitely made sonnet. "With sandals beaten from the crowns of kings" is unforgettable.

THE COMING SINGER

BY GEORGE STERLING

The Veil before the mystery of things

Shall stir for him with iris and with light;

Chaos shall have no terror in his sight

Nor earth a bond to chafe his urgent wings;

With sandals beaten from the crowns of kings

Shall he tread down the altars of their night,

And stand with Silence on her breathless height

To hear what song the star of morning sings.

With perished beauty in his hands as clay,

Shall he restore futurity its dream.

Behold his feet shall take a heavenly way

Of choric silver and of chanting fire,

Till in his hands unshapen planets gleam,

'Mid murmurs from the Lion and the Lyre.

One of Mr. Sterling's characteristics is his almost uncanny knack of using exactly the right words about beasts. No poet but he could make such a phrase as "the palm of the groping mole," in "Tidal, King of Nations." And no one but he could write so vivid, so sympathetically humorous a poem about a coyote as this.

FATHER COYOTE

BY GEORGE STERLING

At twilight time, when the lamps are lit,

Father coyote comes to sit

At the chapparal's edge, on the mountain side—

Comes to listen and to deride

The rancher's hound and the rancher's son,

The passer-by and every one.

And we pause at milking-time to hear

His reckless carolling, shrill and clear—

His terse and swift and valorous troll,

Ribald, rollicking, scornful, droll,

As one might sing in coyotedom:

"Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!"

Yet well I wot there is little ease

Where the turkeys roost in the almond-trees.

But mute forebodings, canny and grim,

As they shift and shiver along the limb.

And the dog flings back an answer brief

(Curse o' the honest man on the thief).

And the cat, till now intent to rove,

Stalks to her lair by the kitchen stove;

Not that she fears the rogue on the hill;

But—no mice remain, and—the night is chill.

And now, like a watchman of the skies,

Whose glance to a thousand valleys flies,

The moon glares over the granite ledge—

Pared a slice on its upper edge.

And father coyote waits no more,

Knowing that down on the valley floor,

In a sandy nook, all cool and white,

The rabbits play and the rabbits fight,

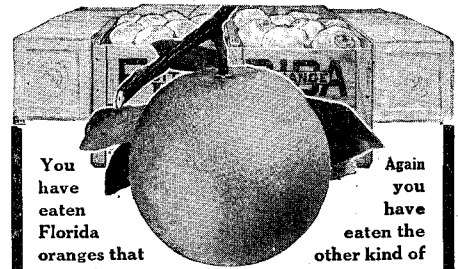
Flopping, nimble, skurrying,

Careless now with the surge of spring

Furry lover, alack! alas!

Skims your fate o'er the moonlit grass!

Probably the war must be blamed for Alfred Noyes's attempt to make "pierce" rime with "universe." But in spite of this blemish, "The Search-lights" is a strong poem, altho it is not so forceful as an earlier and similar poem by Mr. Noyes which had as its refrain "Before the world, was God." This poem is based on the common



You
have
eaten
Florida

oranges that didn't have any flavor. The pulp was dry and stringy and the juice—well, there wasn't much of it but what there was you found to be flat and sour. Not much pleasure in eating oranges like that! The fruit was insipid and tasteless because it wasn't allowed to ripen on the trees.

Again
you
have
eaten the

other kind of Florida oranges—thin-skinned fruit filled with sweet delightful juice. These oranges tasted so good—um! How you smacked your lips at their delightful flavor! They were so fine simply because the growers had left them on the trees until fully ripe.

To advance their own interests by protecting those of the consumers of the fruit, progressive orange and grapefruit growers of Florida some years ago formed a co-operative organization. The members are pledged to ship only tree ripened fruit, that has been handled with extreme care from tree to railroad. None but white-gloved workers prepare this fruit for market—it never is touched by human hands before shipment. In the packing houses of the Florida Citrus Exchange no child labor is employed.

This mark in red on boxes and wrappers



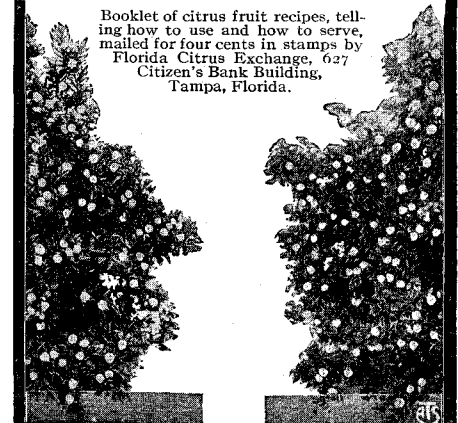
Means fully ripe, juicy, sweet fruit

Not many Florida oranges are ripe before winter. One of the few varieties which ripen in the fall is the Parson Brown—named after a good old preacher who had a fine orange grove. The Parson Brown oranges mature in October and November, and often will be sweet and juicy inside before they have become altogether yellow outside. This is true of no other Florida oranges—all other varieties show when they are ripe by their rich yellow color.

Only a limited number of Parson Brown oranges are grown in Florida. The greater part of the crop is produced by members of the Florida Citrus Exchange. When you buy Parson Brown oranges in boxes that carry the Exchange trade mark you may be sure that they are true to name and will be found ripe and sweet. Ask your dealer for Florida Citrus Exchange Parson Brown oranges and you will be sure to get what you want. This is Florida's early orange.

Florida grapefruit is of surpassing quality. This year's crop is the finest ever produced. The Florida Citrus Exchange will begin to ship grapefruit as soon as it is ripe. Buy in boxes or wrappers containing its red mark and be assured of the best in quality and ripeness.

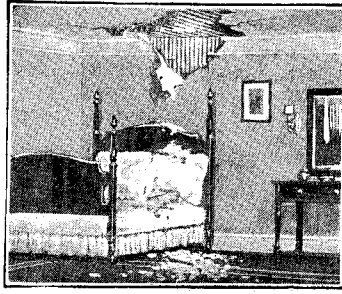
Booklet of citrus fruit recipes, telling how to use and how to serve, mailed for four cents in stamps by Florida Citrus Exchange, 627 Citizen's Bank Building, Tampa, Florida.



Danger and expense lurk in every weak ceiling

You could perhaps save a little by using "something else" in place of Herringbone, but the expense and danger of falling plaster or stucco would make that saving a future debt.

For your inside walls decide, now, that you will use



Herringbone

Rigid Metal Lath

grips and holds — prevents falling stucco and plaster

Use Herringbone for outside walls, too, if you want a stucco house—a permanent, fire-resisting, cheap-to-keep-up home. Remember, Herringbone holds plaster and stucco, prevents discolored, cracked and falling walls or ceilings.

Herringbone is either galvanized or painted at the factory and the paint baked on. It goes into walls untarnished and can not discolor plaster or stucco.

For unusually damp climates we recommend the use of Herringbone Armco Iron Lath—Armco is the rust-resisting iron.

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Diminutive Greenhouse
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assumption, denied in Germany itself, that General von Bernhardt is the official spokesman of his nation.

THE SEARCH-LIGHTS

BY ALFRED NOYES

["Political morality differs from individual morality, because there is no power above the State."
—General von Bernhardt.]

Shadow by shadow, stript for fight,
The lean black cruisers search the sea.
Night long their level shafts of light
Revolve and find no enemy.
Only they know each leaping wave
May hide the lightning and their grave:

And, in the land they guard so well,
Is there no silent watch to keep?
An age is dying; and the bell
Rings midnight on a vaster deep;
But over all its waves once more
The search-lights move from shore to shore:

And captains that we thought were dead,
And dreamers that we thought were dumb,
And voices that we thought were fled
Arise and call us, and we come:
And "Search in thine own soul," they cry,
"For there, too, lurks thine enemy."

Search for the foe in thine own soul,
The sloth, the intellectual pride,
The trivial jest that veils the goal
For which our fathers lived and died;
The lawless dreams, the cynic art,
That rend thy nobler self apart.

Not far, not far into the night
These level swords of light can pierce:
Yet for her faith does England fight,
Her faith in this our universe,
Believing Truth and Justice draw
From founts of everlasting law.

Therefore a Power above the State,
The unconquerable Power, returns.
The fire, the fire that made her great,
Once more upon her altar burns.
Once more, redeemed and healed and whole,
She moves to the Eternal Goal.

Here is a pro-German poem written in English. We take it from the *Missouri Staats-Zeitung*. The last stanza contains a thought well worth emphasizing, but after the intensity of the preceding lines it seems an anticlimax.

AT BAY

BY ARTHUR NELSON OWEN

"Nun, Gott mit mir!" cries mighty Thor,
Great Wodan's son and god of war,
And hurls him in the whirling hell
And fights it long and fights it well.
So doth the lone and mighty Thor,
The dauntless old gray god of war.

Now round him roars the awful tide
Of battling beasts from far and wide;
For out the west as black as night
The grizzled Osa tears his right
And seeks to slay the mighty Thor,
The dauntless, old gray god of war.

In front old Taura grimly roars
As with his horned brow he gores
And flares his eyes and smokes his breath
With rage to bury Thor in death—
With rage to slay the mighty Thor,
The dauntless, old gray god of war.

Upon the left the fiery Gaul
Is wild to see the hero fall,
While Taura bellows 'cross the main
And calls his beasts from mount and plain
And sets the mighty mob on Thor,
The dauntless old gray god of war.

But yesterday he taught them all,
A wealth of music in his hall,
From Bach, from Beethoven, Mozart,
And science, medicine, and art
He taught them too, did wondrous Thor,
The god of peace as well as war.

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GIRDERS LIKE STRUCTURAL STEEL**

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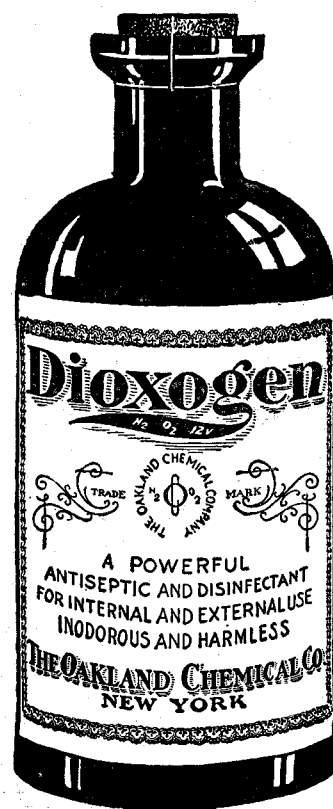
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

WHAT FATE FOR BELGIUM'S KING?

WHAT part will Albert of Belgium play in the affairs of Europe a year or two years from now? At present he is, in bitter truth, a "man without a country." Yet many people have pointed to him as the most significant figure in the New Europe that is to be brought forth through the world's present travail. As already mentioned in these columns, King Albert is strikingly like to the hero of H. G. Wells's "World Set Free"—the chief agent in establishing the world peace there set forth; and it may be safely inferred that that author had King Albert in mind. Again, an American editor not long ago, with some ingeniousness, suggested that Albert of Belgium may well prove to be the Napoleon of the present war whose coming Tolstoy predicted. Tolstoy's prophecy, printed in the Letters and Art Department of THE LITERARY DIGEST for August 22, mentions a leader "of little militaristic training, a writer or journalist," who would be the star ascendent in the final conflict. This description, the editor made plain, fits the young King passing well. He was not a direct heir to the throne, did not, in his earlier years, expect to reign; he was for some time a journalist in the full sense of the word, and his present position, hopeless as it may seem, is not without promise of great things to come, if he survive. Another straw, showing the direction of the wind of Fortune, is to be found in Gelett Burgess's description of Paris in war-time, in *Collier's* for October 17. He speaks of the popularity of the Belgians in the French capital, and adds: "On the terraces of cafés along the Grand Boulevards the old aristocrats are already talking of a new king of France. Who is the new pretender? Don't laugh. It's Albert I., King of Belgium!"

In this magazine for August 29, a short account was given of the young King's career and personality. Now, when nine-tenths of his country lies in the possession of the Germans and he himself is practically a fugitive, it is especially interesting to read another account of his life, written from a somewhat different viewpoint. Such a story appears in the New York *Evening Post*, in part as follows:

Albert, the king without a kingdom, is thirty-nine years old. When he ascended the throne, on December 23, 1909, in succession to his uncle, the late King Leopold II., of unsavory memory, there were no breakers ahead, and he looked forward to prosperous and peaceful days for his people.

"We must," he told them, "continue our unshakable attachment to constitutional liberty and the love of independence,

and thus hold sacred our patrimony while advancing toward the peaceful conquests in the fields of labor and science."

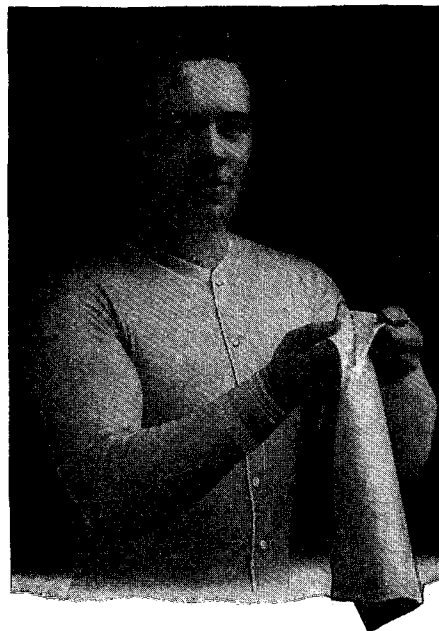
This expression was characteristic of the young King. He had no military aims to achieve; he believed his country to be securely maintained by the Treaty of London. Moreover, his individual tastes ran in the direction of peaceful pursuits; his chief desire was to help the Belgians, an industrious people, to achieve greater prosperity. He had already trained himself in the knowledge of statecraft, and by doing so had won the confidence of the nation.

The story of Albert's efforts to fit himself for his duties indicates in a measure the moral and intellectual status of the man. Not until the death of his elder brother, Prince Baodoin, in 1891, did Albert realize that he might some day be called upon to rule Belgium. He was then sixteen years old, and had studied little. He decided at once to remedy his deficiencies. Passing through the Belgian Military School, he received a commission in the Grenadier Regiment and was promoted rapidly from sublieutenant to colonel. His military duties, necessary as they were, did not interfere with more serious studies. For years he surrounded himself with professors and books. He went daily to the Foreign Office to learn diplomacy, and from diplomacy he turned to sociology.

We are told that his principal interest was ever the welfare of the Belgian people, and that he did not scruple to take the most direct available road to that end. It was not his place to interfere in matters of State, nor, at that time, to push himself to the fore. Instead, he made it his business to learn about his people intimately, from themselves. He went about among them, simply and without the slightest ostentation. They welcomed his democracy, lauded his methods, and told him all that he wished to know. In the same spirit, he determined to travel, that he might know something as intimately of other peoples. Thus it was that he came to this country in 1898. A description of the youthful Crown Prince of sixteen years ago is given by a Harvard graduate, who met him during his visit to Cambridge. Says the Harvard man:

"I saw a tall, pale-faced, angular, and rather awkward youth—he was only about twenty-three then. An army officer in uniform and a court physician trailed along behind. The Prince held his silk hat stiffly in hand and stepped forward. His hand-shake was hearty and vigorous. 'I am glad to meet you,' he said. 'It is a pleasure to see your quarters, and it is very good of you to admit us.' He spoke perfect English, with scarcely a trace of an accent. Then the Prince spied a group picture of some college girls, and examined it carefully. 'You have some very beautiful women in America,' he said, with a smile. 'I have often heard them praised, and now I am learning that it is all justified.'"

Awkward, unassuming, unsophisticated as he appeared, he viewed us shrewdly. When Albert left this country, we are



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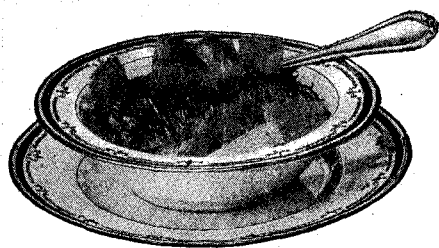
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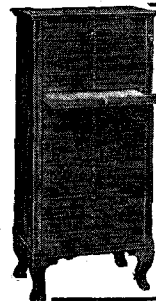
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told, he was familiar with it as are few Americans. He knew its commercial and economic resources. Nay, more—

He knew about the experiments in trade schools which several States had begun, and he took with him a vast amount of other useful information which he was to use later for the benefit of the Belgian people. When he became king, he was the first and only European monarch who had been in personal contact with the industrial life of America.

One of the problems that King Albert had to tackle was the Kongo, the rich and extensive African colony which Leopold controlled and exploited personally as a business venture. The Kongo atrocities had long been a blot on the white man's civilization, and the whole world demanded better treatment for the negroes in Belgium's possessions. King Albert promised reforms in his first speech from the throne.

"In the Kongo," he said, "the nation wishes a policy of humanity and progress enforced. The mission of colonization can not be other than a mission of high civilization. Belgium has always kept her promises, and when she engages to apply in the Kongo a policy worthy of her, none has a right to doubt her word."

King Albert, we are told, was well equipped to formulate a humane policy, for, some years before, and contrary to the wishes of King Leopold, he had visited the Kongo country and observed the condition of the natives. The first-hand knowledge there gained he applied in working out reforms, and tho all the abuses may not yet be remedied, a more intelligent and humane policy has been enforced under his guidance. But the young King and old Leopold had little in common, at the most. As we are told:

In contrast to the wild life of his predecessor, Albert has maintained a reputation for clean living. He kept himself apart from Leopold and the unhappy affairs of his daughters. His married life has been a happy one, and his consort, Queen Elizabeth, daughter of Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, a famous scientist and eye specialist, is devoted to her adopted land.

Queen Elizabeth is an accomplished woman. She is a registered physician, a graduate of Leipzig, and has a sound knowledge of art, literature, and music. The King admits that she taught him to appreciate art and literature, two things that were banished from the Belgian court during the reign of Leopold. In reviving an interest in them, Queen Elizabeth has encouraged Belgian authors and artists to new flights.

After the marriage of Albert and the Princess Elizabeth in Munich, on October 2, 1900, they made a tour of Europe and the Far East, traveling only with a maid and courier. Three children have been born to them—Philip, the Crown Prince; Prince Charles, and Princess Marie. Both the King, whose mother was a Hohenzollern, and the Queen have severed many blood ties in defying the German Kaiser. Their devotion to Belgium has cost them a kingdom, perhaps for all time, if Germany dictates the terms of peace.

SPY-HUNTING IN ENGLAND

DETACHED tho England is from the actual scenes of warfare and reasonably safe from any attack save from the air, and in spite of the fact that, in London and out, the country has remained quiet and apparently undisturbed through the stirring times of the last two months, there is yet evidence enough that she is in a state of war. Colonial troops are reported to be stationed everywhere, the censorship is strict, economy is being more and more rigidly practised, and patriotism is being daily fanned into a flame more fierce and inextinguishable. In addition, reports are coming to us of a spirit pervading the whole nation, of unity and a shoulder-to-shoulder sympathy, that is bringing all classes of the people closer together than they have stood for many a year past. One example of this is given by Henry Reuterdaahl, in his account in *Collier's Weekly* of the system of surveillance, partly official, partly unofficial, that goes on day after day and night after night, in the effort to rid England of the plague of espionage with which it is said to be infested. His personal observations of the working out of this system were conducted at some considerable risk to himself, as he says:

My first Sunday I spent with a pal of mine near a naval port, but before I could come he had to ask the authorities for permission to have me and to explain my identity. My name did not sound healthy. I had a glimpse of the war from the inside, not the far-flung battle-line across Channel—khaki-clad men charging under bursting shrapnel—but of the dogged, silent determination of those left behind to guard home ground, searching in the dark for hidden enemies like a pack of terriers—women, children, rich men, poor men. Their nights are spent not in bed, but patrolling the lanes and the thickets, the culverts, or the railroads, challenging every passer-by, searching every face. And this I call practical patriotism and splendid—not like Fourth of July speeches in the United States or the weak-kneedness shown by those of our peoples who dug out of New England and buried their silverware during the Spanish War because of Cervera's phantom fleets. Right here is something for us to learn and store away, should the flash ever strike us.

Over the forts the arcs of the search-lights cut the heavens searching for the gray *Zeppelins* of the Germans, and against the greenish glare are the outlines of the guns. Through my glasses I could see the men operating the lights.

On the road to the city, with the dock-yard beyond, the scout-master divided his section of boy scouts and sang out the orders for the night. In silence the boys went to their stations. The orders were to halt everything. And no motor nor carriage nor any pedestrians could pass unless hailed. The hail is "good night," and unless answered at once and in the King's clearest English, the boy scout blows his whistle and the signal is taken up by the others down the road until it reaches the sentry, who shoots first and asks questions

Olive Oil—Nature's Food and Medicine Combined

Its contribution to healthful living—where the choicest Olive Oil is obtained—Olive Oil Grapes, a new form which makes it pleasant and easy for all to take Olive Oil

Centuries ago the Greeks and Romans recognized the high value of olive oil for food and cookery, for the maintenance of health, and as an adjunct to the toilet. By the Ancients it was deemed indispensable. Subsequently, as the world's population increased and spread out, the use of olive oil became less general. Except in the native land of the olive, its use became as a lost art. Modern civilization has awakened to the benefit bestowed on mankind by olive oil. Thanks to a broader knowledge of dietary science, its use is increasing in extraordinary volume.

Where the Best Olives Grow Whence Comes the Choicest Oil

Many brands and grades of olive oil are on the market. The cheaper ones contain almost invariably cottonseed and other adulterants. The richest olive oil produced is pressed from the fruit grown in southern Italy. The finest of all these oils is "Cream Lucca," produced by one Italian firm for more than a century, ideally pure and pressed under sanitary conditions. This oil has long been ranked by epicures as the standard by which all others are compared.

What "Virgin Olive Oil" Means and How It Is Obtained

To users of olive oil the term "Virgin Oil" is important to understand. When the olives are picked they are reduced to pulp and then subjected to several pressings. The oil obtained from the first pressing is the choicest produced. It is called "virgin oil." That which is obtained from subsequent pressings is invariably inferior.

The Food Value of Olive Oil As Acclaimed by Authorities

Food scientists estimate the nutritive value of pure virgin oil as almost 100%, while that of eggs is but 12%. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley in his book, "Foods and Their Adulteration," says: "Edible vegetable oils * * * afford to a greater degree than any other kind of food product the elements necessary to the production of heat and energy. * * * By far the most important of these oils is the olive oil." A laboratory analysis shows that olive oil contains 264 carbohydrates per ounce, largely excelling all other articles in a table enumerating thirty-eight different foods. Its nutritive value is so high that in cases of low nutrition it is often used externally. J. Mitchell Bruce in his "Materia Medica and Therapeutics" states that "olive oil rubbed

into the skin is absorbed by the lymphatics and has a distinctively nutritive value."

Therapeutic Value of Olive Oil Restores and Preserves Health

Internally olive oil has important therapeutic properties. Authorities assert that it possesses prophylactic qualities in connection with the stomach and intestines. It is a mild and natural laxative. Many physicians believe it prevents the formation of gallstones. In appendicitis it is often used with beneficial results. In colic its soothing qualities are pronounced. "Olive Oil," says Sir Thomas Barlow, the noted physician to King George, "prevents waste of tissues." The same authority, speaking of its effect upon the complexion, says: "The warm, rich complexion of the Italian and Sicilian women is due to the free use of olive oil as much as to the air and climate of their country." J. Mitchell Bruce, writing of olive oil, states that "It constitutes a food, increasing the amount of fat in the tissues, furnishing force, and thus saving the waste of nitrogenous tissue and the necessity of consuming quantities of nitrogenous food. When cod liver oil is rejected, olive oil may be assimilated."

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Olive Oil Grapes are soft, elastic, pure gelatine capsules, containing virgin Cream Lucca Oil and *nothing else*. These capsules are prepared under scrupulously sanitary conditions. In these Olive Oil Grapes you secure the following advantages:

- 1st—The oil is preserved without deterioration.
- 2nd—The Grapes are airtight and dustproof.
- 3rd—The oil is not tasted, so everyone can take it.
- 4th—Each capsule contains an exact quantity.

Importance of the Olive Oil Habit for Young or Old

In this way all can take and benefit from this natural food and medicine combined. Every family should keep a supply of Olive Oil Grapes on hand. There should be a box handy in the pantry, in the medicine cabinet, and in the pigeon hole of the business man's desk. Form the olive oil habit and you will notice a permanent benefit to your health. Take one or more Grapes with each meal and preserve the dietary balance. The Grapes are equally beneficial to young or old. Every grape taken is a contribution to your health insurance fund.

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Ask for the
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McKESSON & ROBBINS
NEW YORK



afterward. A detachment of scouts are searching the railroad-track, the main line to London. As the train thunders by the boys hug the ground; with their staffs they examine each culvert, penetrate each shadow, and crawl underneath the bridges.

From early in the evening to dawn the silent, serious lads are on duty; cheerily they trot about, some of them barely eleven, and when exhausted they tuck in in the scout-master's motor. Here are the sons of cooks, butchers, naval officers; and the scout-master himself a figure of international prominence in the naval world. No effort is too big, no night too long, for it takes many hands to watch the roads, the approaches to the power-house and the water-reservoirs of the largest naval base in the Kingdom. Soldiers are wanted elsewhere, so others must help to see that no stick of dynamite cuts the water supply. And when the men are worn out from their nights' vigils in addition to their own daily duties, the women turn to and do their trick in the watch, as allies to the territorials guarding the main points; the babies are left with the nurses.

Hysteria, nerves, you say? No—spies! Many of them have been caught red-handed and dispatched to the Great Beyond without either obituary or coroner's inquest, and all within the district of this base. Not a line appears in the papers; no one knows or speaks.

ROMANTIC DAYS IN WAR-REPORTING

"FAR off, as a child might sigh for the moon, this work had been the dream of my life, ever since I had come to realize I could write matter that men would print and that other men would read." So Archibald Forbes feels and writes of his profession as war correspondent, to which he has devoted ten years of his life. The story of his career in the field, where year after year he gave the best in mind and sinew to the securing of news, the best news, the quickest, and the most authentic, is told by F. Lauriston Bullard in his new book, "Famous War Correspondents" (Boston: Little, Brown and Company). To read of these heroes of an epoch past and gone and glimpse a few of the situations they experienced, the narrow margins by which they escaped death, and the extreme hardships they endured, is to peruse a succession of tales far more gripping in interest than the cleverest work of fiction. Sir William Howard Russell, MacGahan, Villiers, O'Donovan, Steevens, Creelman, Forbes, and many other "gentlemen adventurers" of the press, they are worthy of remembrance as the great ones of a now vanished race. Kipling calls Forbes "the Nilghai, the chiefest, as he was the hugest, of the war correspondents," and says of him: "Saving only his ally, Kenen, the Great War Eagle, there was no man mightier in the craft than he, and he always opened the conversation with the news that there would be trouble in the Balkans in the spring." And yet, with all this, the present writer tells us how, at the end of

the summer of 1870, Forbes stood in Fleet Street, in London, spinning his few remaining copper coins on the sidewalk, to decide whether he should continue as a war correspondent or go back to compiling marriages and "obits" on the London Scotsman. His first work had been with *The Morning Advertiser*, when he followed the German forces in the Franco-Prussian War, until, after Sedan, when the Germans prepared their advance upon Paris, *The Advertiser* recalled him, proposing, forsooth, that its Paris correspondent could report the siege and fall of Paris sufficiently well!

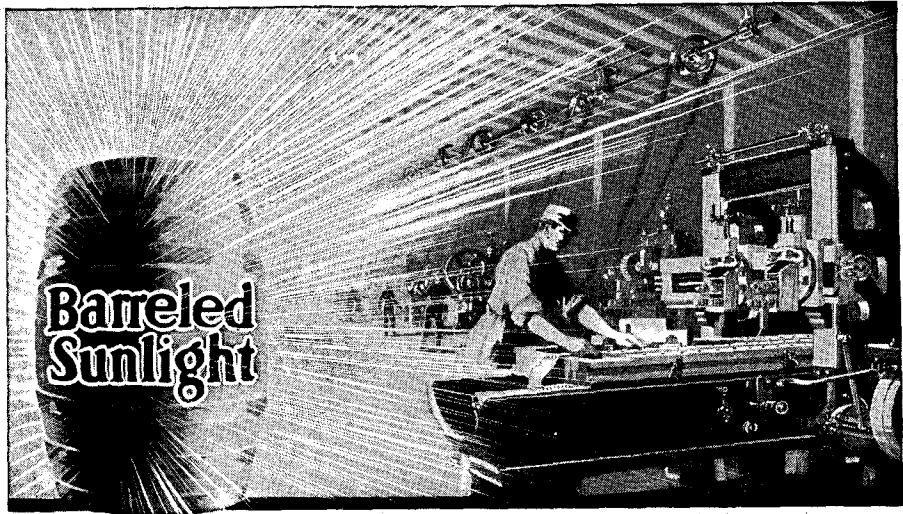
Forbes was compelled to return, without any further prospect than that of being able to sell to some London daily the information about the disposal of the German troops, which he alone in England knew. Twice skeptical editors refused him; at last Sir John Robinson, of *The Daily News*, who had noted some of his earlier writing, and kept in mind his name, accepted his services at twenty pounds a week. Of this opportunity Forbes wrote later:

"It is possible that had I declined I might have been a happier man to-day. I might have been a halter man than I am at forty-five, my nerve gone and my physical energy but a memory. Yet the recompense! To have lived ten lives in as many short years; to have held once and again in the hollow of my hand the exclusive power to thrill the nations; to have looked into the very heart of the turning-points of nations and of dynasties! What joy equal to the thrilling sense of personal force, as obstacle after obstacle fell behind one conquered, as one galloped from the battle-field with tidings which people awaited hungrily or tremblingly."

There was a vast difference between his first commission and this second one. Here he was free of the limitations placed upon him by *The Advertiser*, and might not only gather news where he would, but might set to work his fertile mind upon the schemes for news-gathering that were soon to make him renowned above his rivals. Mr. Bullard says of his work at this point:

He proceeded to be enterprising; he did new things constantly. For weeks he lived on foreposts within easy range of the French cannon at Metz. He was "at home" with a regiment of Prussian infantry, sleeping on straw in a corner of a château drawing-room. Like the war-horse, he sniffed battles from afar. He was the only spectator of the fight of Mézières-les-Metz, but still he could send only a half-column over the wire to London. He got a flesh-wound in the leg and suffered from fever. Entering Metz even before the capitulation, he joined in an informal fashion the sanitary volunteers. Gangrene attacked his leg and had to be burned out with acids, but he carried a vinegar sponge in his mouth and managed to keep going. Finally he had to go to England lest amputation become necessary.

Now he let slip a great opportunity. He saw the surrender of Metz and watched Bazaine drive away from the railway station. All night he wrote in his room



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What a Few Users Say

Sanitary conditions in our plant have improved wonderfully. We should judge we are getting 50% more light than before.—Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

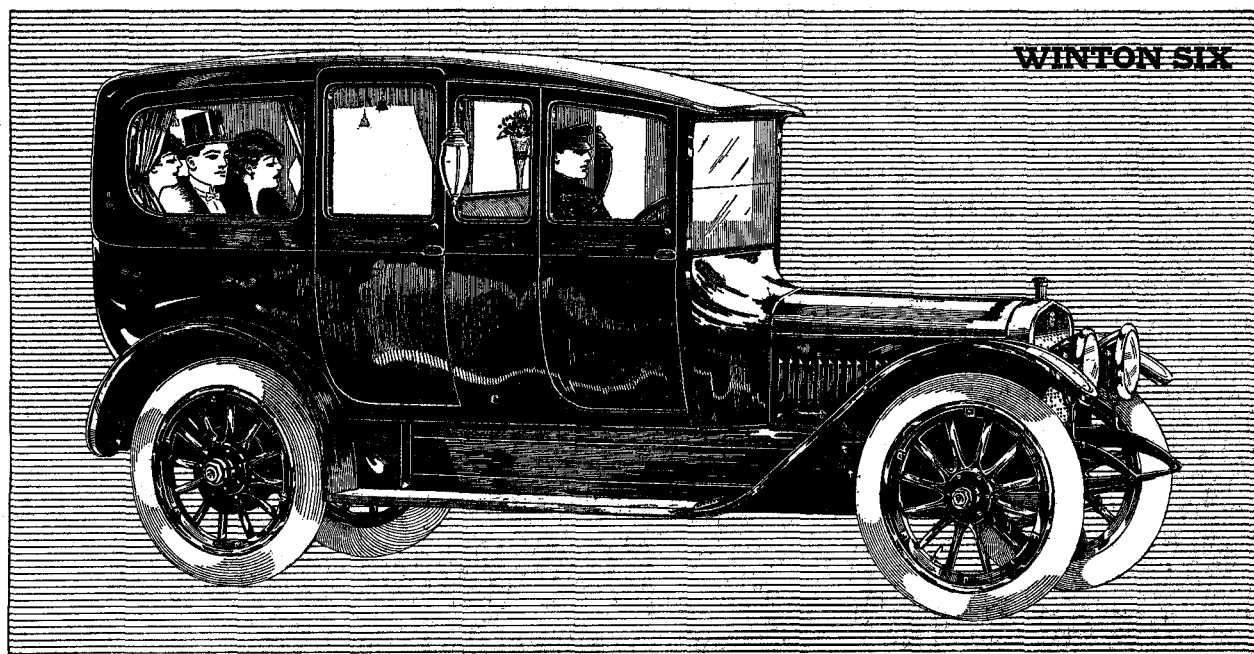
We are indeed astonished to note the vast amount of daylight created by this paint—especially where we were formerly forced to use electric lights all day.—Knotair Hosiery Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The most practical interior finish we have ever used on walls and ceilings. We imagine will show an increase of between 20 and 25% in light.—R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. (Makers of Prince Albert).

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Out of six comparative tests, Rice's Mill-White leads.—Killingly Mfg. Co., Killingly, Conn.

We gave your paint a severe test in connection with several brands and your paint stood the test the best, and gave complete satisfaction.—The American Pin Co., Waterbury, Conn.



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but he did not hurry over the forty-five miles to Saarbrück. It was then that the German-American, Muller, carried to London the dispatch, long ascribed to Forbes, which indicated to Forbes and the others what they might have been doing all the time; and from then on the pace and the competition quickened.

During his brief stay in London, his chief, Robinson, said to Forbes: "As a fellow man I say you ought to lie up for six months; as a newspaper manager I wish you would start for the siege of Paris to-night." He started and his leg got well. Adventures in great variety befell him during the months of the siege. He began to display his remarkable ability as an organizer. The Germans were bewildered by the unaccountable speed with which his letters appeared in London.

What Archibald Forbes would have accomplished, faced by the censorship of today and the rigid limitations imposed upon the actions of war correspondents in the present war can not be known, but one who reads of his feats in those earlier times can not help believing that he would now find some way to break through the lines and score once more one of the phenomenal hits for which he was noted. Forbes's methods were not as subtle as his rivals imagined, but they were tremendously effective and for a long time absolutely mystifying. We read on:

So short was the interval between the time of events described and the time of the *Daily News* reports that one rival, concluding Forbes had telegraphic facilities denied to the others, made formal complaint. The Chief of Staff of the Crown Prince of Saxony informed Forbes of his rival's dissatisfaction, and under promise of secrecy Forbes disclosed his method to the staff officer. Soon after at a dinner an officer accused the correspondent of postdating his letters and thus faking their freshness. Forbes made his usual laughing reply that he carried his own private wire about with him, and placed a bet then and there that if a piece of information was communicated to him it would appear in *The Daily News* the second morning after. The officer told him of a movement of the troops and at once left the room. When Forbes visited the military telegraphic headquarters he found his guess of the errand of the officer verified; the operator grinned and said, "No; I am ordered to take no message from you." Nevertheless, after a few days Forbes handed the officer a copy of his paper of the date stipulated in the bet and containing the item upon which the bet was based, whereupon the officer stared and paid over the stake.

The mystery was explained by Forbes himself in these terms:

"My secret was so simple that I am ashamed to explain it, yet with one exception I had it to myself for months. When before Metz I had done my telegraphing from Saarbrück, depositing a sum in the hands of the telegraph-master and forwarding messages to him from the front against the deposit. Before leaving the frontier region I learned that a train started in the small hours of the morning from the rear of the German cordon on the

east side of Paris and reached Saarbrück in about fifteen hours. The telegraph-master would receive a letter by this train soon enough to wire its contents to England in time for publication in the London paper of the morning following. I put a considerable sum into his hands to meet the charge of messages reaching him, and arranged with a local banker to keep my credit balance with the telegraph-master always up to a certain figure. Every evening a field-post wagon started from the Crown Prince of Saxony's headquarters on the north side of Paris, picked up mails at the military post-offices along its route, and reached the railroad terminus at Lagny in time to connect with the early morning post-train for the frontier. At whatever point of my section of the environment of Paris I might find myself, a military post-office served by this post-wagon was within reasonable distance, and my letter, address to the Saarbrück telegraph-master, went jogging toward the frontier once every twenty-four hours, with a fair certainty of its contents being in England within twenty-four hours or thereabouts of the time of its being posted."

Another of his stratagems at the time of the St. Denis bombardment was to have all the particulars written in advance, and, indeed, already in type, locked up securely in the *Daily News* office. With the first gun that was fired, the Crown Prince gave to Forbes a signal of permission, Forbes shouted to his operator "Go ahead!" and these two words, wired to London, brought the full details of the attack upon the streets of London in the noon edition of *The Daily News*. One of the most thrilling tales of Forbes's work tells of his entrance into Paris during the siege. Taking advantage of a short lull in the fighting, he proceeded to achieve the impossible, as the story relates:

Forbes rode about the lines of investment and saw the depopulation of the environs of the city. During the great sortie he watched with alert eyes. He saw the thirty civilians who had come to offer King Wilhelm the German crown. Christmas passed, the bombardment piled the walls of St. Denis in ruins, and at last, on the evening of January 28, while the headquarters staff were assembled in the drawing-room of the chateau of the Crown Prince, an orderly brought in a telegram from the Emperor. It announced that two hours before Count Bismarck and M. Jules Favre had set their hands to a convention in terms of which an armistice to last twenty-one hours had already come into effect.

The correspondents nerved themselves to a desperate venture. The capitulation was imminent. The reporters watched each other suspiciously. How to get into Paris; how to be the very first to enter the city; how to get out of the city with the news, and how to get the news to their papers—these were their problems. The world was on tiptoe for tidings from the inside of the plight of Paris. The balloon post and the carrier-pigeons had come far short of telling the world the details of the awful experiences of the besieged city.

His German friends shook their heads and took pathetic leave of him when he announced his intention to try for Paris.

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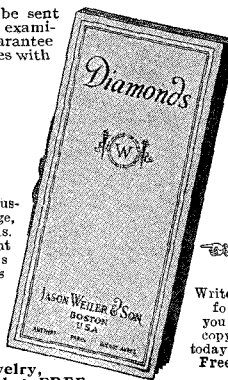
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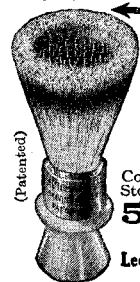
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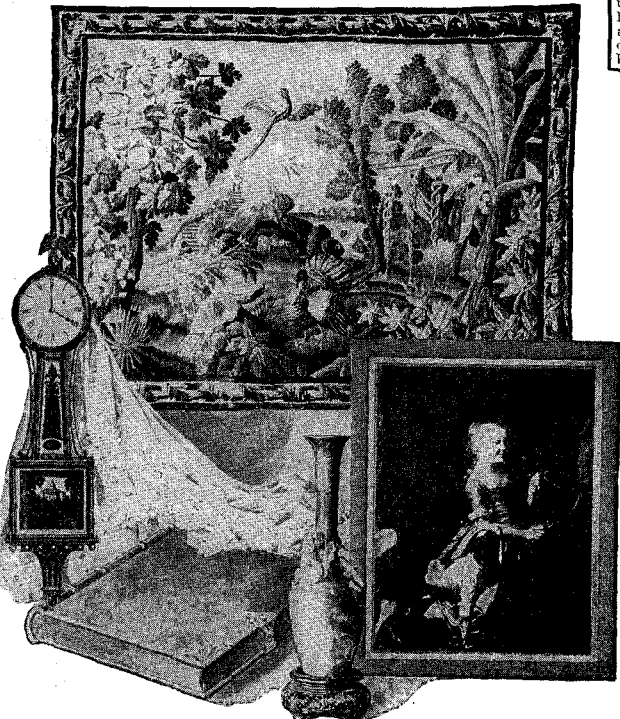
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There were fifty correspondents waiting on the Versailles side to enter the city. Forbes planned to get in by the north through St. Denis. He was dressed so as to be readily mistaken for one of the hated Germans as he cantered along a road crowded with Frenchmen. He came to the Porte de la Chapelle and found a closed gate and the drawbridge up. Nobody knew when the gate would open; he waited a half-hour in a big crowd, and moved on to the next gate, where he found gendarmes examining passes. Said Forbes: "I rode on slowly, looking straight between my horse's ears, and somehow nobody stooped me." Just inside he had a narrow escape. A train on the Ceinture Railway came puffing along just as an officer started forward to halt him. He encouraged his horse to indulge in capers. The officer clearly liked a good horse, and ere he forgot his admiration of the animal and remembered his duty of interception, Forbes was over the bridge. He was inside; and inside he remained for eighteen hours.

Henry Labouchère told how Forbes startled them, "quite as much as Friday did Robinson Crusoe," when he suddenly appeared from without the walls. They welcomed him with enthusiasm, "for he had English napoleons in one pocket and some slices of ham in another."

His hurried investigation of the misery and the heroism of Paris gave the world one of the most thrilling stories a daily newspaper ever printed. In his long dispatch he said:

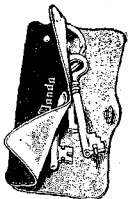
"There needed no acuteness to discern to what a plight of hungry misery she had been reduced before she had brought herself to endure the humiliation of surrender. That night she was alone with her grief and her hunger; not until the morrow came the relief and consolation which the sympathy of Britain so promptly forwarded to the capital of the ally with whom she had endured the hardships and earned the successes of the Crimean War. Wan, starved citizens crept by on the unlit boulevards, before and since the parade of luxury and sleek affluence. No cafés invited the promenader with brilliant splendor of illumination and garish lavishness of decoration, for there were no promenaders to entice, no fuel to furnish gas, no dainty viands wherewith to trick out the plate-glass windows.

"The gaiety, the profusion, and the sinfulness of the Paris which one had known in the Second Empire days had given place to quiet, uncomplaining dejection, to utter depletion, to a decorum at once beautiful, startling, and sad. The hotels were all hospitals. The Red Cross flag floated from almost every house, . . . bandaged cripples limped along the streets, and the only traffic was furnished by the interminable procession of funerals.

"I had brought in, stowed in a wallet on my back, some five pounds of ham. The servants of the place where I stayed put the meat on a dish with a cover over it, and showed it up and down the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré as a curiosity, charging a sou for lifting the cover."

His story in hand, Forbes faced his next problem—to get out of the city and reach the end of a wire. People told him he must have his passport viséd at the Embassy, then get a permit from the Prefecture of Police, and finally undertake the passing of all the Prussian lines. He got the viséd passport, and left the rest to luck.

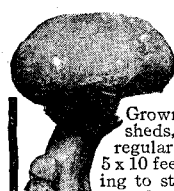
The ride almost cost the life of his horse.



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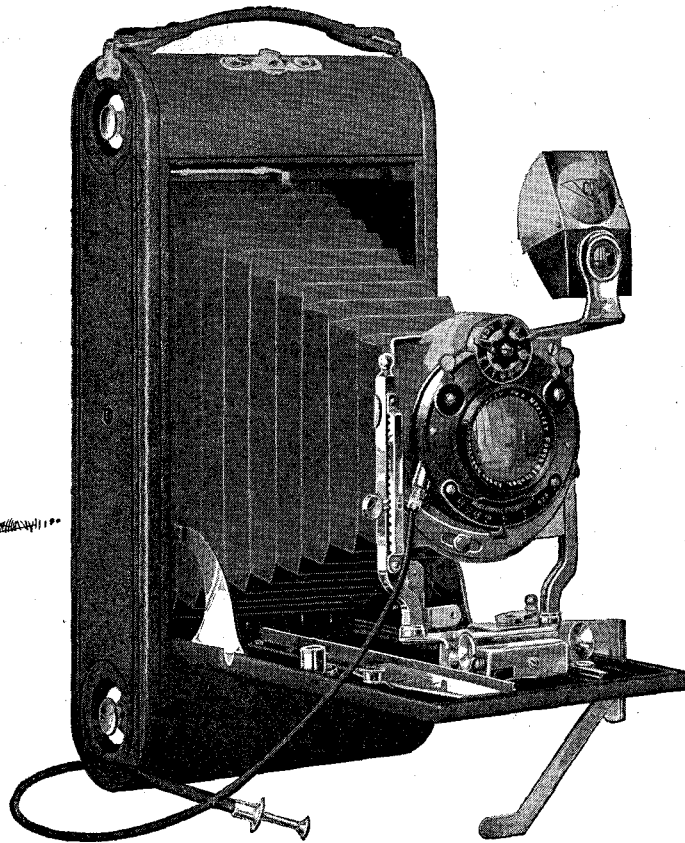
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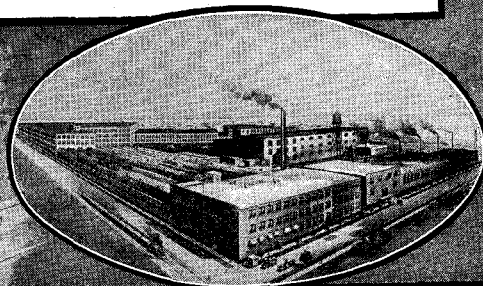
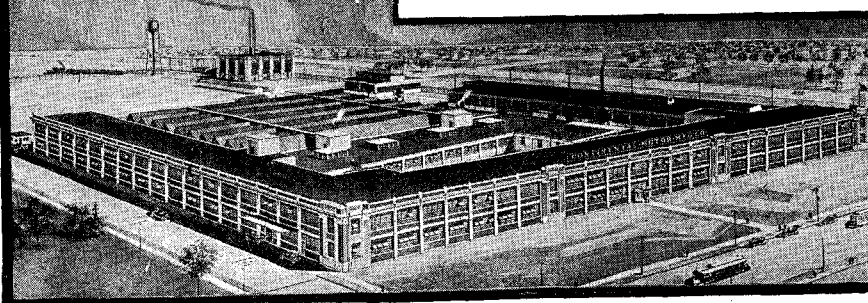
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Extra Experience
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Present Plants
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He found the roads in bad order, long neglected as they had been, and much scored by the trenches of both armies. One shoe after another was torn from the hoofs of the laboring animal. He was dead beat when Forbes galloped to the station barely in time to consign him to the care of a German cavalryman and swing aboard the train. He was trusting no post service for his *coup*.

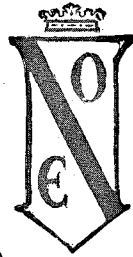
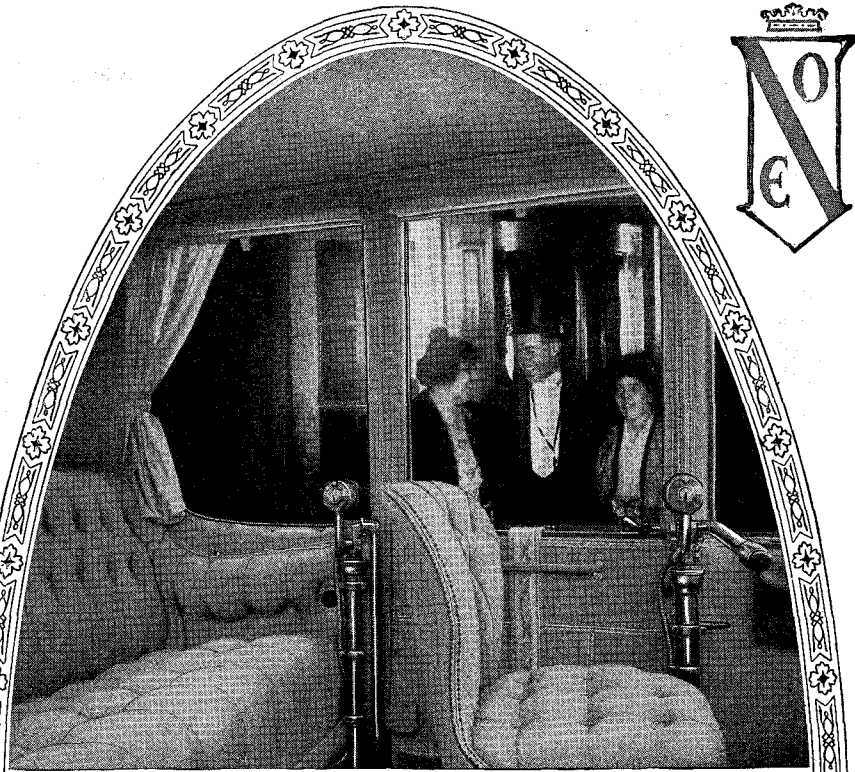
The following morning about two he was across France and in Karlsruhe, where he knew there was an all-night telegraph-office. For eight hours he remained there, supervising the work of the girls who had the night shift. The instant the message was gone he went aboard the train again, and forty hours after he had left Paris he was back in the city.

A CZARINA OF THE SWITCHBOARD

THO the device for privacy in telephoning described in THE LITERARY DIGEST for October 17 may be a boon to the majority of telephone-users, there is at least one place in this country where its inauguration would be viewed with dismay. That place is "Homeburg," now well known to readers, if not to geographers, through the writings of George Fitch. Mr. Fitch has put Homeburg on the literary map, and, more than that, has peopled it with a delightful collection of town-folk. His characters and his anecdotes about them may not be true, but they are essentially truthful. One of the most winning of these is *Carrie*, of whom he tells in the October *American Magazine*. She is the one and only Central of the local telephone exchange. Her power is absolute in Homeburg and unquestioned, but it is never abused. No "musical indicator" is needed by the subscribers. Indeed, one making *Carrie's* acquaintance is rather grateful for the tardiness of Mr. Howard's invention. In part, George Fitch's description of Homeburg's Central is as follows:

When my wife wants to know if hats are being worn at an afternoon reception she calls up Carrie. Ten to one Carrie has caught a scrap of conversation over the line and knows. But if she doesn't she will call up and find out. When a doctor leaves his office to make a call he calls up Carrie, and she faithfully pursues him through town and country all day, if necessary. When we are preparing for a journey we do not go down to the depot until we have called up Carrie and have found out if the train is on time. And when our babies wander away we no longer run frantically up and down the street hunting for them. We ask Carrie to advertise for a lost child, seven hands high, and wearing a four-hour-old face wash; and within five minutes she has called up fifteen persons in various parts of the town and has discovered that said child is playing Indian in some back yard a few blocks away.

Carrie is also our confidante. I hate to think of the number of things Carrie knows. Prowling into our lines while we are talking, as she does, in search of connections to take down, she overhears



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Alike in beauty and simplicity of operation, Ohio Electric supremacy is apparent

The beautiful body-design of the Ohio has long made it the car of comparison on every fashionable boulevard.

In this season's models crown fenders, beaten by hand from one piece of aluminum, lend even greater grace to the lines.

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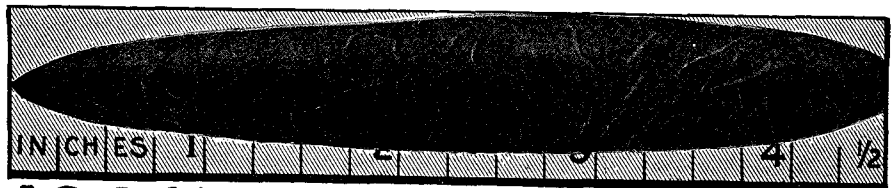
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enough gossip to turn Homeburg into a hotbed of anarchy if she were to let it loose.

But she doesn't. Carrie keeps all the secrets that a thousand other women can't. She knows what Mrs. Wimble Horn said to Mrs. Ackley over the line which made Mrs. Ackley so mad that the two haven't spoken for three years. She knows just who of our citizens telephone to Paynesville when Homeburg goes dry, and order books, shoes, eggs, and hard-boiled shirts from the saloons up there to be sent by express in a plain package. She knows who calls up Lottie Briggs every night or two from Paynesville, and young Alexander Bane would give worlds for the information, reserving only enough for a musket or some other dueling weapon.

There's very little that Carrie doesn't know. I shudder to think what would happen if Carrie should get miffed and begin to divulge. Once we had a telephone girl who did this. She was a pert young thing who had come to town with her family a short time before. It was a mistake to hire her—telephone girls should be watched and tested for discretion from babyhood up—but our directors did it, and because she showed a passion for literature and gum and very little work they fired her in three months. She left with reluctance, but she talked with enthusiasm; and Homeburg was an armed camp for a long time.

A BATTLE IN THE AIR

FOR many days Paris has dreaded an organized attack from the sky. Day after day, so the dispatches tell, has the German *Taube*, the Kaiser's war-pigeon, soared and dived over the French capital, to the wrath and consternation of the populace below. No one can blame the Parisians for the excitement they manifest, but it is safe to say that any demonstration they have yet made would be of slight account beside the stir that would result did they realize the attitude of mind of the aviators above them. In the New York *Evening Post's* translation from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, a German aviator tells what his feelings were when he and his superior officer first sailed over Paris. His state of mind is easily understandable, but would not be appreciated by a harassed Parisian. He says:

Paris! The major pointed below with his finger, then turned slowly to me, raised himself from his seat, and—yodeled at the top of his voice! I saw it, altho the motor, which sang its song incessantly, overwhelmed the sound. And I? I went absolutely out of my little head with joy, and cut the maddest capers and caracoles in the air with my trusty biplane. There lay the white church of the Sacré Cœur, there the Gare du Nord, from which the French thought to leave for across the Rhine; there Notre Dame, there the old "Boul, Mich," the Boulevard St. Michel in the Latin Quarter, where I bohemianized so long as an art student, and over which I now flew as a conqueror.

Unprotected beneath me lay the heart of the enemy, the proud glittering Babel of the Seine. The thought of everything hateful, always attached to the great city,

was swallowed up; an emotion of possession, of power, alone remained. And doubly joyful we felt ourselves. Doubly conquerors! In a great circle I swept over the sea of houses. From the streets arose a murmuring of the people, whom the bold "German bird" astonished, who can not understand how the Germans are turning the French discovery to their own service more cleverly and advantageously than the French themselves.

As the French aeroplanes are usually all called away for scout duty on the firing-line, often the *Taube* goes unmolested, save for the harmless fire from below. But on this occasion the Germans were not so fortunate, and the result was a battle in the air with all the thrill that the most competent fiction-writer could inspire. As the airman tells it:

For nearly an hour we had been flying in swoops and had been shot at vainly from here and there below us, when there approached in extremely rapid flight from the direction of Juvisy a French monoplane. Since it was much faster than my biplane, I must turn and seek to escape, while the major made ready my rifle and reached for his revolver. The monoplane came steadily closer and closer; I sought to attain an altitude of 2,000 meters in order to reach the protecting clouds, but my pursuer, on whom we constantly kept an eye, climbed more rapidly than we, and came always closer and closer. And suddenly I saw at a distance of only about 500 meters still a second biplane, attempting to block my way.

Now it was time to act. In an instant my companion had grasped the situation. I darted at the flier before us; then a turn—the major raised the rifle to his cheek. Once, twice, thrice, he fired. Then the hostile machine, now beside us, and hardly a hundred meters away, quivered and then fell like a stone. Our other pursuer had in the meantime reached a position almost over us, and was shooting at us with revolvers. One bullet struck in the body close beside the fuel controller. Then, however, impenetrable mist enfolded us protectingly, and the clouds separated us from the enemy, the sound of whose motor grew ever more distant.

When we came out again from the sea of clouds it was toward seven o'clock. In order to get our position, we descended, but suddenly there burst forth before us and behind us and beside us roaring shrapnel shells. I saw that I would have to fly a considerable distance over hostile positions and exposed to French artillery. "The devil to pay" again. Ever madder grew the fire. I noticed that the machine received blow after blow, but held cold-bloodedly to my course; at the time it did not come into my mind at all that these little pointed pieces of steel meant death and destruction. Something in mankind remains untouched by knowledge and logic.

There—suddenly before me, a yellow-white burst of flame! The machine bounds upward; at the same time the major shrinks together, blood runs from his shoulder; the wiring of one of the wings is shattered. To be sure, the motor still booms and thunders as before, but the propeller fails. An exploding grenade has knocked it to pieces, torn one of the wings to shreds, and smashed the major's



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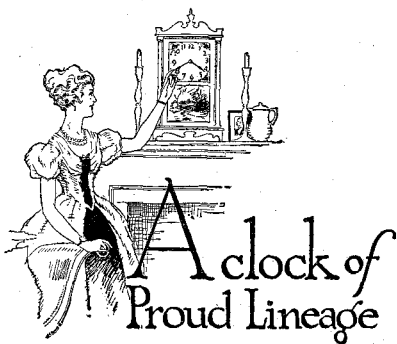
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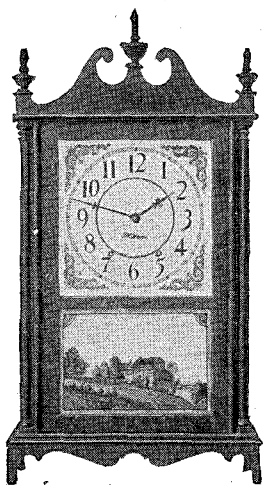
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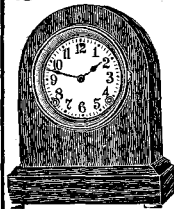
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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

shoulder. Steeply my machine sinks to the ground. By calling up all my power, I succeed in getting the machine into a gliding flight, and I throw the biplane down into the tops of the forest trees, crashing through the branches and tree-crowns. I strike heavily, and know no more what goes on around me.

When I wake again from my unconsciousness, I find Major G. lying beside me on the ground, both of us in the midst of a group of the German Landwehr.

A REPAIR-SHOP FOR WARPED MINDS

WE know something of the work that is being done for children of sub-normal intelligence, the painstaking and patient work that brings light into the twilight mentality of those little ones suffering from "arrested mental development." But the Department of Efficiency and Economy of New York has lately unearthed a school that goes even further than this. It is a school that, in the words of the Department's official investigator, Miss Elizabeth Eadie Kerrigan, "gives kindergarten lessons to old men; that teaches painting to an ex-prize-fighter; that has for its pupils men of good education and illiterate immigrants from the heart of Russia." More than that, these pupils, so varied in age, character, and social status, are from the ranks of those who are regarded by most of us as the irreclaimable waste of humanity. The school is located in the Manhattan State Hospital for the Insane, on Ward's Island, New York, and the pupils are all inmates of the institution. In the New York *Evening Post* Miss Kerrigan tells how the school was started, by one man who has given his life to the work, in gratitude for the restoration of his own sanity:

A little over a year ago a man of the highest education and attainments, with degrees from European universities and with a record as a tutor in one of the royal families, as an instructor in the gymnasium, as a professor in various American universities, went voluntarily to Ward's Island for treatment. Domestic, financial, and other troubles were undermining the powers of his unusual mind, and he submitted himself to expert care to see if he could be restored to a normal state. In a few months he recovered his grip upon himself and began to study the patients around him.

It was soon evident that the man himself had entirely recovered his powers. Instead, however, of fleeing from the place at the first opportunity of release, he was stirred by gratitude for the help that had been granted to him and by humane interest in the suffering around him. He elected to remain upon Ward's Island and formally open a school for the reeducation of those whose minds had failed.

This man who is sacrificing himself for the good of other men is Prof. Karl R. Moench, Ph.D.

The stories that Professor Moench can tell of his experiences and the vagaries of



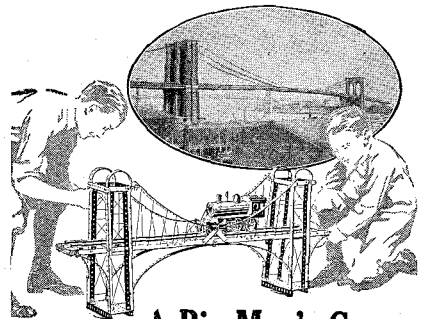
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his pupils range from the sublime to the delightfully ridiculous, and from stories of unremitting, patient, unrewarded effort to anecdotes of sudden surprizes and even great personal danger. Once it was necessary to leap between two scholars who were flying at each other's throats with murderous intent; once an apparently hopeless case of wilful unresponsiveness was cured in an instant by the chapel organ, whose compelling tones awoke the obstinate one to loud and irrepressible song. Often the wonders worked by this one man, with his indefatigable patience and his sure faith in the spark of intelligence that must lurk somewhere behind the dulled eyes and dogged scowl of his pupils, seem almost unbelievable. Miss Kerrigan mentions a few of these:

"See that man with his back to us?" the Professor whispers, careful not to let the discussion of his case reach the ears of the subject. "He was the 'Terror' of the whole island a few months ago. The attendants could do nothing with him. He was so violent he could not be managed by anybody. He was always disturbing the rest, and likely to break out any minute."

Then, raising his voice, but still speaking gently: "Come, John. Come and show our friend how you can read."

The youth, heavy-bodied, sullen of face, but tractable, comes forward and stands in front of a big chart such as is used in elementary schools, and as the Professor's pointer moves from word to word, the patient carefully reads the large print aloud: "My cat is in the tree. Puss likes the birds. My dog likes to swim. Watch is the name of my dog."

It seems a travesty on all schooling, but Professor and pupil are in deadly earnest.

"And I have not had an outbreak from him in four weeks," the Professor says, with natural pride, as he pats the "Terror" on the back and sends him to his seat as a "good boy."

Not always is it so easy to get responses from the pupils. There is George over in a corner, for instance—a good-natured, mustached fellow, who smiles and nods in answer to questions, but never will open his mouth.

"I thought that he had lost the power of speech," confides the Professor. "Never did he say one word. But one day when I had won his confidence, I thought I would try a little experiment on him. I had my arm about his shoulder, and when he was least expecting anything of the kind, I just lightly pricked him with a needle.

"Ouch! That hurts!" he exclaimed, just as clearly as you or I. In the four weeks that I have had him in my class I have got him to speak just five words. George, aren't you going to speak to me some day?"

And George bobs his head in assent.

Professor Moench's method may be briefly described as a sounding of the chords of human interest. To one of these chords the subject will respond, if there be the slightest hope for his reclamation. Sometimes, as in the case above mentioned, it may be music that will stir him; but it



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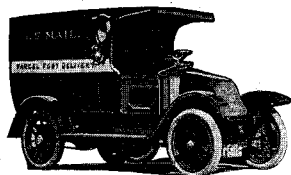
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Not one of this fleet of Lippard-Stewarts has ever been laid up. The oldest car has run almost 25,000 miles. The average trip of each car is 46 miles daily. Gasoline record, 9¾ miles per gallon; oil, 240 miles per gallon. Tires average 4,500 miles per case, ranging from 3,000 to 10,000 miles. From 100 to 200 packages are delivered daily, or an average of about 150 packages per car. Hale Brothers have given ample evidence of their satisfaction by sending three repeat orders, bringing their present total equipment to nine.

THE above are 1500 pound delivery cars. Lippard-Stewarts are built in capacities that meet the great majority of requirements. Make up a fleet of Lippard-Stewarts, ½ ton, ¾ ton, 1 ton, 1 ½ ton, 2 ton trucks, simplify garage and repair business, economize on maintenance cost, save all the waste and bother of having several different kinds of trucks to take care of. There is as much waste in operating overcapacity as there is in overloading. A Lippard-Stewart fleet prevents this waste.

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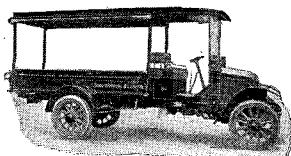
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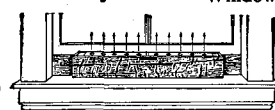
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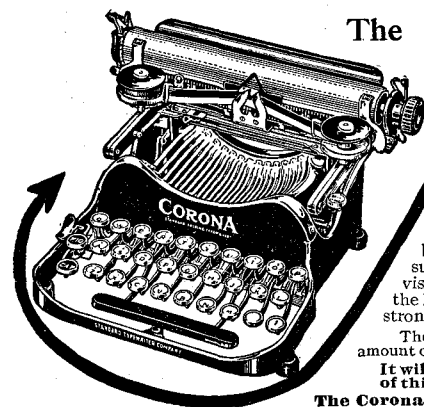
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may be arithmetic, or water-colors, or the learning of the alphabet, or the making and molding of some bit of ornament or design—whatever it be, Professor Moench believes implicitly that it can be found. Naturally, his classes are not run by schedule, and the work done is accomplished in the most haphazard way, as we are shown:

In some respects the "side-lines" of the School for Reeducation are even more illuminating than the reading and writing and picture-puzzle solving that go on in the little schoolroom. In a room adjoining this there is a group of men—a few weeks ago, perhaps, inert and unresponsive or violent and dangerous—patiently working out in clay the models set before them in magazine pages, or figures evolved in their own disordered brains. Quietly, absorbedly, they prick holes through pictures to transfer the outlines to soft clay, and then mold the flat surface into relief; and the difference between the shapeless daubs of clay that are the results of their first efforts and the surprisingly well-executed forms that they turn out at the end of a month or so are a living record of the evolution of their minds, halted in their downward course and made to concentrate, to imitate, and finally to originate.

In still another room—entirely without guard and out of sight when the Professor is busied with his other classes—the artists sit quietly at work. Strange, indeed, are some of the pictures turned out by them—crude copies of the "comics" from the Sunday newspapers; scrawling sketches of persons and objects and even visualizations of the "influences" that work upon their minds. Side by side with these are excellent little drawings and a few paintings of a high degree of merit—the work of true artists whose minds are temporarily or permanently clouded.

Nor is the whole order of the day unrelieved by occasional bright spots of humor. In witness of this is related the examination of one pupil whose mind was not so clouded as he would have it appear:

"William, stand up."

A hulking figure, with a foolish smile, slouches upward—if such an expression may be used—and crams both fists down into his pockets.

"Fold your arms, William. You must keep your hands out of your pockets."

Grudgingly the arms are raised and folded.

"What did you write to-day on your slate?"

Very slowly and painfully the great figure enunciates the words of its lesson:

"A thief is a miserable man."

"And what are you, William?"

The foolish smile broadens.

"I am a miserable man."

"William, where were you before you came here?"

"In jail." Very cheerfully.

"What jail?"

"The Tombs."

"Did it do you any good?"

"Nope!" More cheerfully.

"Do you know where a thief goes when he dies, William?"

"To jail!"

"Oh, no; he doesn't. You know perfectly well where he goes."

The foolish smile has reached its climax, and there is actually a twinkle of mischief in the once dull eyes as William makes his final answer as to the ultimate destination of a thief:

"To heaven!"

Turning again to the serious side of this strange school, Miss Kerrigan sums up the work of the Professor as follows:

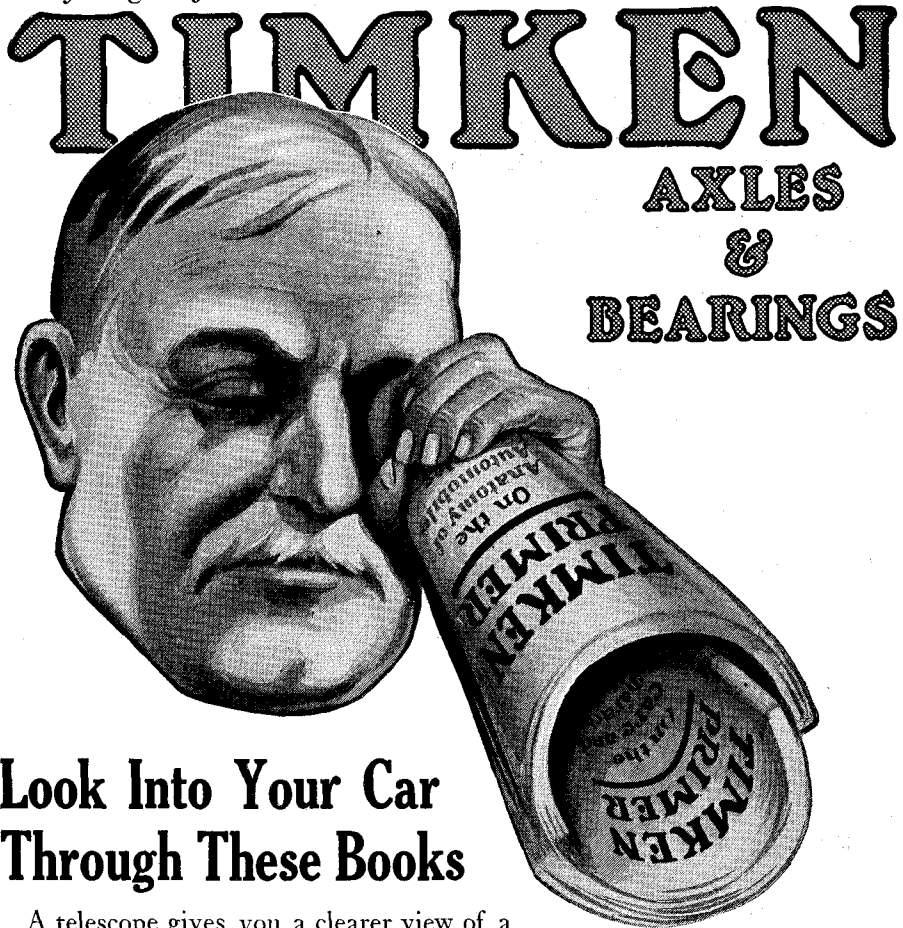
Six months the little school has been running, and in that time two "pupils" have so improved that from seemingly hopeless lunatics they have become well-behaved citizens, and have been discharged from the hospital; several others have been sufficiently controlled to be allowed to go home on parole. A youth from the Bronx is now awaiting the capture of a "job" before his release. Men from the most "disturbed" wards, low in mentality, unkempt in appearance, violent in manner, have begun to show signs of intelligence, have cleaned their clothes and gone back to white collars, have become obedient, and have won places in the quiet wards, away from the distressing sights and sounds of those not fortunate enough to have come under the influence of the good Doctor.

If such results can be obtained by a lone and saddened man working against great odds, in a wretched little "schoolhouse" that used to be a morgue, with almost no equipment and with the expenditure of no money except the few pennies that can be squeezed from an infinitesimal salary—lower than the wage of an untutored attendant—what results might be attained through the establishment of a well-equipped school and the expenditure even of a moderate amount of money?

A MONSTER BIRTHDAY PARTY

OUT in Kansas there is a *Pied Piper* who pipes so merrily that whole townships of children come trooping out to him once every year. It is his way of celebrating his birthday, and he tries to make that one day the biggest, most glorious day in the year for the largest number of children that can possibly be enticed and persuaded to help him celebrate it. Doubtless if he could think of any better way of commemorating the number of years young that he has grown than this of making thousands of children happy for a day, he would try it; but so far both he and the children have been completely satisfied. This year was an off year, but even so he did the best he could. The *Springfield Republican* says of him:

B. P. Waggener, of Atchison, Kan., whose birthday picnics for the children of his city and county and neighboring counties have achieved national fame, is in poor health, and so this year all he was permitted to do was to hire all the picture-shows in town, to which children under 16 years of age were admitted free. There is ardent hope among the youth of his part of the State that Mr. Waggener may get back his health and live forever. It was 15 years ago that he invited the children of his neighborhood to help observe his birthday. The next year the picnic was much larger; the third year the children of the entire city were entertained; the fourth year the children of the



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A telescope gives you a clearer view of a subject. That's what happens when you get your motor car into the focus of these books.

The day of professed mechanical ignorance is passed—today motor car knowledge is a source of pride. Actual sales records for the past year show that car buyers are of the "Missouri type" more than ever as regards construction. They want facts—not mere assertions of superiority.

The motor-wise car owner knows the importance of axles and bearings—how they mean strength, safety, and economy of power if they are good—how much trouble they can create if they're not.

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These three books, "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles," "On the Care and Character of Bearings," and "The Companies Timken Keeps," sent free on post-card request to either Timken Company. There'll be no follow-up. No salesman will call. Write for them today.



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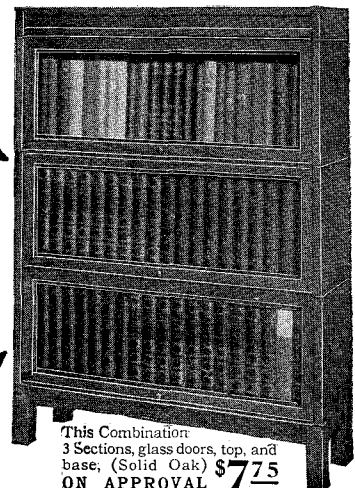
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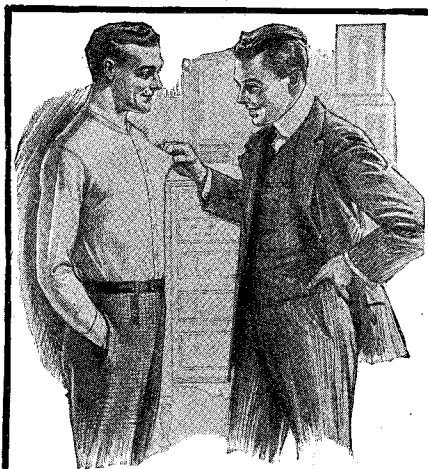
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county were invited and brought to Atchison in special trains. Then the annual affair was extended until the children of four counties were brought to Atchison, and not a child was ever injured during the passage on the free trains. Last year Mr. Waggener entertained fully 20,000 children. There is lots of satisfaction in thus making one's birthday a matter of high moment to so many.

HERR WILHELM HOHENZOLLERN

WE are told by Miss Anna Topham that the favorite poem of the Kaiser is Rudyard Kipling's "If," and that over his writing-table are placed the lines: "To fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run." Miss Topham, who was at one time governess to the Kaiser's only daughter, now the Duchess of Brunswick, has lately written, in "Memories of the Kaiser's Court" (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.), an engaging book of the intimate life of the German royal family. In it she reveals a side of the Kaiser that those who would judge him should in all fairness know. There follow brief extracts from the book, pen sketches of Wilhelm and those near to him, made by a quite dispassionate observer. Miss Topham describes her first impression of the head of the family:

His keen blue eyes look at me with that characteristically penetrating, alert, rather quizzical brightness. They seem almost too violent a contrast with the deep sunburn of his face. My hand is enveloped in a hearty, almost painful, handshake, and I am confronted with a few short, sharp questions.

She describes the woman who has since given her five sons to the cause of Germany:

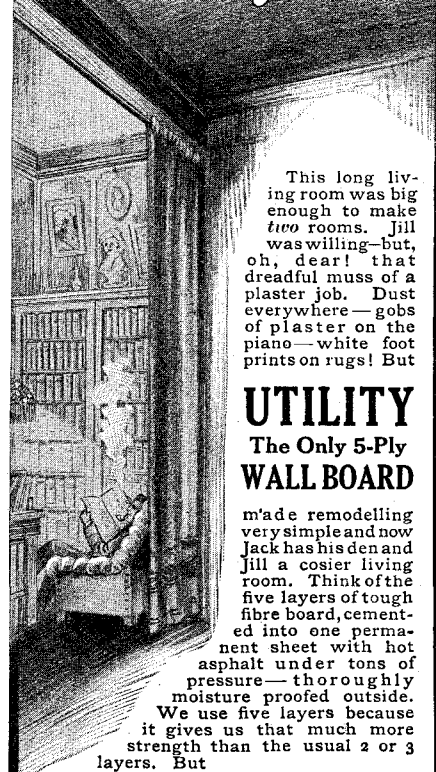
The Empress is sitting on a sofa and receives me with a pleasant, gentle smile and a look which reveals at once that she herself is feeling slight embarrassment. Soon I find myself sitting in a chair talking easily and without restraint to a mother about her little daughter. It is all quite simple and straightforward. Her chief recreation, the one in which she most delights, is riding. Every day, if possible, she takes a brisk canter of an hour or two. Her reading consists largely of historical memoirs.

Of her young charge, then a tomboy not yet in her teens, she writes:

Suddenly above the bank appears the sleek golden head of a small girl of nine or so, dressed in a stiff, starched, plain white sailor-dress, with a blue collar and a straw sailor-hat. Her day begins with breakfast at 7.30, and her lessons start at eight o'clock. Her allowance for spending-money was \$1.20 a month until she reached the age of seventeen. . . .

His daughter, in a moment of relaxation, seeks to amuse herself by practising the schoolboy trick—she is very schoolboyish—of making with her mouth and cheeks the "pop" of a champagne cork and the subsequent gurgle of the flowing wine. "Who taught you that unladylike accomplish-

Jack Wanted A Cosy Den



This long living room was big enough to make two rooms. Jill was willing—but, oh, dear! that dreadful muss of a plaster job. Dust everywhere—gobs of plaster on the piano—white foot prints on rugs! But

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made remodelling very simple and now Jack has his den and Jill a cosier living room. Think of the five layers of tough fibre board, cemented into one permanent sheet with hot asphalt under tons of pressure—thoroughly moisture proofed outside. We use five layers because it gives us that much more strength than the usual 2 or 3 layers. But

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ment?" said I. "It was papa. He can do it splendidly."

Papa, it appears, can do several things excellently well. His chief characteristic seems to be his abounding vitality. He is forever alert and strenuous, both mentally and physically, to a degree, at times, rather wearing on those about him. As we read:

The Kaiser's conversation at its best has a certain quality of intoxication—is provocative of thought and wit. Men often change, for the better or worse, when they retire from the public eye, but the Emperor is much the same everywhere. At home he inspires much the same charm as he does in public, and sometimes the same irritation. He is a man almost bound to get on the nerves of those who surround him. There is no more alert place in the world than the Kaiser's court.

He disapproves of people who want to settle down and be comfortable. He likes to keep things moving, has no desire for the humdrum, the usual, the everlasting sameness of things.

He believes he is very astute and can see further than most men. He tends to become just a bit blinded by his own brilliancy, by the versatility of his own powers. He has a marvelous memory for facts, but deduces hasty inferences. He does not give himself time and opportunity to think things out.

The Emperor William has a great horror of every possible kind of infection, especially the ordinary cold. I remember panic-stricken flights at an hour's notice from measles or chicken-pox. His Majesty no more objects to a frightfully overheated building than an American does.

"What's the matter with the chairs?" he says sharply. "Hard, are they?" he laughs, derisively. "I hope they are. Here we live hardily."

He likes to be identified with successful people of every class.

The Emperor possesses in an unusual degree what Kipling calls the "common touch." He knows how to talk to poor men, workingmen, without any shadow of patronizing affability; an absolutely frank and unreserved interest in their affairs and an obvious desire really to know of the conditions of other people's lives. It is not perfunctory.

He Made a Hit.—A commercial traveler had been talking his hardest, his most eloquent, his most persuasive for nearly an hour to a shrewd old Yorkshire business man. The old fellow seemed convinced and pleased, and the traveler thought he had his fish landed. But the Yorkshire man said:

"There's ma lad, Jock. Ah'd laike him to hear what ye have to say. Will ye coom this afternoon and go over your talk again?"

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure," replied the traveler heartily, and at the hour appointed presented himself again for the interview with father and son. Again he went over the points of the article he had to sell—forcibly, eloquently, persuasively. Never had he acquitted himself of a finer "selling talk."

When he had finished the old Yorkshire man turned to his son and said enthusiastically: "Do you hear that, Jock? Well, now, that's the way I want ye to sell our goods on the road."—*Kansas City Star.*



KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

The "Bulldog"

HERE is how a good thing will force its way to the front. For a long time there was only one "Bulldog" Gillette Razor in existence. Then there were two, then seven, and now everybody wants one.

The first "Bulldog" was designed for the Chief of the Company to meet his desire for a *stocky bulldog handle*. He liked it at once. Said it shaved better—new grip and balance—gives more weight and swing to the stroke.

Other members of the organization adopted the "Bulldog": it was evident

that the extra weight and different balance are *fundamental*.

Then men everywhere were given a chance at the "Bulldog". They saw the point instantly. Result, the most widespread and immediate success of any new model ever put out by the Gillette Company.

It is making thousands of new friends for the Gillette and regular users are finding it well worth while to buy the new "Bulldog".

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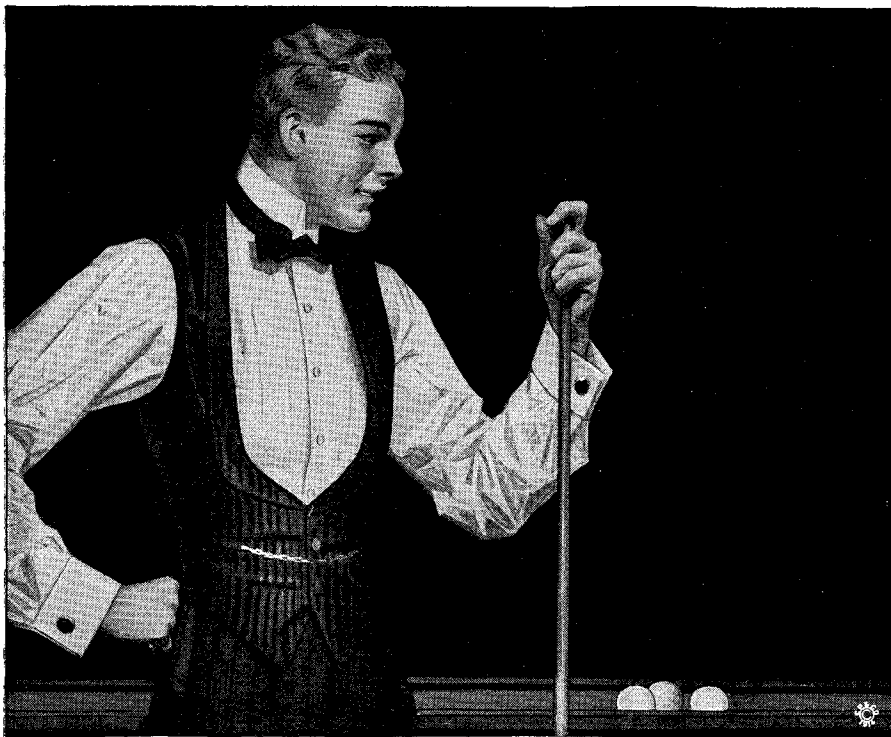
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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Cruel!—"He is a genius."
"Who supports him?"—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

A Bad Start.—TEACHER—"Now, children, name some of the lower animals, starting with Willie Jones."—*Boston Transcript*.

Running No Risk.—WAITER—"What will it be? Sauerkraut or pâté de fois gras?"
1818.—"Ham and eggs. I'm neutral."
—*Harvard Lampoon*.

No Time to Lose.—ENGLISH NEWSIE—(selling extras)—"Better 'ave one and read about it now, sir; it might be contradicted in the morning."—*Punch*.

Saving Trouble.—TRAMP—"Your dog jest bit a piece of flesh outer me leg, mum."

WOMAN—"Glad you mentioned it. I was just going to feed him."—*Boston Transcript*.

Anatomical.—"There is the enemy's wing."

"Yes, General."
"See if you can't make it yield a feather for your cap."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Passing Fair.—ALICE—"I hear that the new quarterback on your college team is quite homely."

DICK—"Oh, he'll pass in a crowd, that's all we care."—*Boston Transcript*.

Important.—"Who can furnish a clear definition of a politician?" inquired the Professor.

"I can," said the son of a Congressman.
"To which party do you refer?"—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Served 'Em Right.—THE VICAR—"For shame, my lad! What have those poor little fish done to be imprisoned upon the day of rest?"

TOMMY—"Tha-that's what they got for—for chasing worms on a Sunday, sir."—*John Bull*.

Too Explicit.—"Well, auntie, have you got your photographs yet?"

"Yes, and I sent them back in disgust."
"Gracious! How was that?"

"Why, on the back of every photo was written this, 'The original of this is carefully preserved.'"—*London Opinion*.

Close-fisted.—"Hubby, can you pay me back that dollar you borrowed from me?"

"But, my dear," he protested, "I have already paid it back twice. Surely you don't expect it again."

"Oh, all right, if you are as mean as all that."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Close Quarters.—An Alaska pioneer was telling how crowded a certain ship was during the gold rush. One day a man came up to the captain and said:

"You will have to give me some place to sleep."

"Where have you been sleeping?"
"Well," the passenger replied, "I have been sleeping on a sick man, but he's getting better now, and he won't stand it."—*St. James's Gazette*.

Up to Him.—HE—"Do you believe in autosuggestion?"

SHE—"No real gentleman forces a lady to make one."—*Baltimore American.*

Opportune.—THE OPTIMIST (who has just been struck by a passing motor-car)—"Glory be! If this isn't a piece o' luck! Sure, 'tis the docther himself that's in ut."—*Punch.*

A Good Reason.—"How was it that you didn't name your baby Woodrow Wilson when you told me that was your intention?" "We named it Mary Jane."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Not Recognized.—"What excuse did he give for shooting at you?"

"The flimsiest ever. Said he thought I was a deer, when everybody in this community knows I'm a bull moose."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Tempus Fugit.—"Why, what in the world has become of your watch? The one you used to have had a handsome gold case."

"I know it did, but circumstances alter cases."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Not Certain.—"What is this malady which has suddenly attacked the nations of Europe?"

"There is some doubt as to that. Some say it is the German rush, others that it is the Russian germ."—*Christian Register.*

Too Impatient.—SUITOR (waiting for the lady)—"Is your daughter coming out next winter?"

FATHER—"She'll come out when she's good and ready and if you git fresh I'll knock yer block off."—*Cornell Widow.*

He Wasn't Looking.—DÉBUTANTE—"He said he would go through a raging flood just to look into my eyes."

CHAPERON—"When, last night?"

DÉBUTANTE—"No; last night he phoned that it was raining too hard for him to call."—*Judge.*

Caught.—Senator Tillman was arguing the tariff with an opponent.

"You know I never boast," the opponent began.

"Never boast? Splendid!" said Senator Tillman, and he added quietly, "No wonder you brag about it."—*Washington Star.*

Couldn't Turn It.—"Brudder Perkins, yo' been fightin', I heah," said the colored minister.

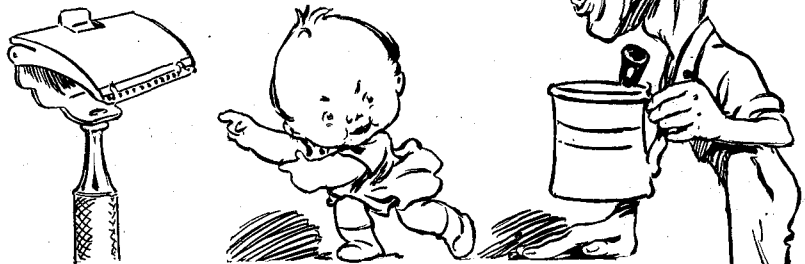
"Yaas, Ah wuz."

"Doan yo' 'membah whut de good book sez 'bout turnin' de odder cheek?"

"Yaas, pahson, but he hit me on mah nose, an' I'se only got one."—*Livingston Lance.*

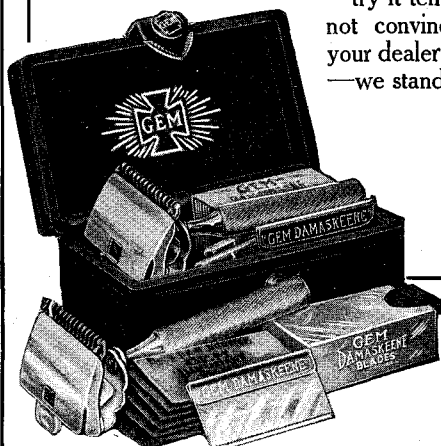
Exciting Times.—"Well," mused six-year-old Harry, as he was being buttoned into a clean white suit, "this has been an exciting week, hasn't it, mother? Monday we went to the Zoo, Wednesday I lost a tooth, Thursday was Lily's birthday party, Friday I was sick, yesterday I had my hair cut, and now here I am rushing off to Sunday-school."—*Lippincott's.*

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Papa's gone a hunting
For the new GEM DAMASKEENE,
To shave himself both quick and clean.**



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Buy a GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR and have it handy—you'll need it most when you least expect it. The GEM means shaving comfort—all difficulties solved—try it ten days and if you are not convinced, return razor to your dealer and get your dollar—we stand behind the dealer.



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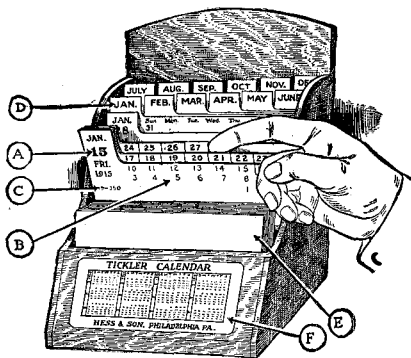
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INVESTMENTS -AND- FINANCE

HAS A TURN FOR THE BETTER SET IN?

AT the opening of the business week beginning on October 26 a series of incidents "had pointed to decided improvements in the peculiar situation into which this country had been thrown by the European War." So said the *New York Evening Post*, which enumerated these incidents as follows: the announcement that our new banking system would be established in a fortnight: England's declaration that the sea was open for export, even to hostile countries, of non-contraband articles, such as cotton; large increases in purchases of materials here by Europe; the disappearance on Saturday, October 24, of the deficit in New York bank reserves; and evidence that the bankers' cooperative plan to finance that portion of the cotton crop which the war might make unsalable was making good progress. Commenting on these evidences of better conditions the writer said:

"Inasmuch as the dilemma which has confronted this country since July has had primarily to do with the problem of international finance and trade, it was altogether logical that the foreign exchange market should give the first sign of what was going on. Exchange on London, in the week when Germany's declaration of war was plainly impending, rose to the extraordinary rate of \$7 in the pound sterling. In a normal market, it can not rise above 4.89½, because at that figure it is profitable to export gold and draw exchange against it. The \$7 rate at the end of last July measured the frantic haste of financial Europe to draw at any price on its American credits, to strengthen a home position where the impending war seemed to threaten general bankruptcy. The war began; London relieved its own situation by a series of unprecedented financial expedients.

"Yet it continued to draw heavily on New York, and exchange rates, even at the opening of this month, stood at the quite abnormal level of \$5 in the pound. In the well-known language of Lombard Street, the exchanges were moving heavily against us; and the extent of that adverse movement seemed to measure the depth of our financial predicament. A week ago the rate began to fall. Three or four days ago the movement in our favor became extremely rapid. Yesterday (October 26), for the first time since the third week of July, exchange on London, at 4.89, reached a familiar and normal level.

"So striking a reversal of position, in the market most sensitive to the present drift of affairs, suggests a review of the actual situation. Our particular difficulties, which developed during the second month of war, were four in number. We were cut off from access to the supplies of European capital which our markets habitually use; so much so that even renewal of existing loans was doubtful. We were threatened, or believed ourselves to be, with prodigious realizing sales of the mass of American securities held in Europe, and, for that reason, dared not reopen our Stock Exchange. Our export trade was heavily cut down, despite the large grain shipments, by the collapse of the European demand for certain of our staple products, notably cotton. Finally, our banks were doing business on a basis of emergency bank-note issues and clearing-house loan certificates, and their cash reserves were almost as far below the legal ratio to de-

posits as they were in the panic weeks of 1907.

"The problem how far our markets and our industrial undertakings, as a result of the war's huge requisitions on European capital resources, will have to dispense with the usual assistance from that quarter, is still unsolved. It is not yet clear how much the absence of this European capital will affect our country's business situation. The facts, however, which stand forth without dispute are that, despite a natural preliminary hesitation, we have maintained our credit by exporting gold in large amount to meet pressing liabilities in the foreign markets, and that meantime the United States, alone of the great financial nations, is proceeding with its own accumulation of capital, purely for use in peaceful industry.

"These are the more obscure considerations in the situation. In the export trade and the bank position we have something more tangible to observe. Our excess of merchandise exports over imports in September was less by \$31,000,000 than in 1913. But if our cotton exports had been only half as large as they were the year before, the total export excess would have been fully as great as in the previous September. Now last month's weekly cotton exports by us to Europe averaged barely one-ninth of the 1913 figures, whereas the weekly average thus far in October has been nearly one-third that of a year ago. This recovery can not fail to be stimulated by the wider opening of European markets hitherto shut off, if not through the suggested taking of cotton by the London banking community as security for advance of capital from there.

"As to the home banking situation, we have still to reckon with the mass of emergency bank-note issues, the outstanding clearing-house loan certificates, the unsettled loans on Stock Exchange collateral, and the unusual burdens assumed in financing, first New York City's foreign debt, next the requirements for export gold, and finally the cotton-trade's position. But we can also see that, in the face of all these handicaps, the New York banks have restored their surplus reserve, and that not only they, but the National banks of the country as a whole, now actually hold in their reserves more gold than they held a year ago."

HOW THE MANCHESTER SHIP-CANAL MAY YET PAY DIVIDENDS

It is now twenty years since the great ship-canal, leading from the River Mersey to Manchester, England, was opened. Various were the prophecies then made as to its commercial success. For a long period it failed to pay even its interest charges in full, to say nothing of dividends on stock, and it was not until 1907 that all the interest charges were paid in any one year. Deficits, meanwhile, were made up by issuing what is known as "preference stock," this stock representing funded unpaid interest on debentures and other loans made by the city of Manchester. On this preference stock a dividend was paid for the first time last year, the rate being 2¼ per cent.

After 1907, the next year in which the first charges were fully earned was 1910. Since 1910 they have been earned each year, and now, in excess of interest charges, this sufficient sum to pay 2¼ per cent. on the preference stock has been earned. This dividend,

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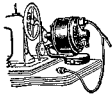
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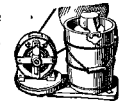
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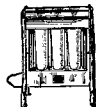


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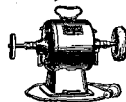
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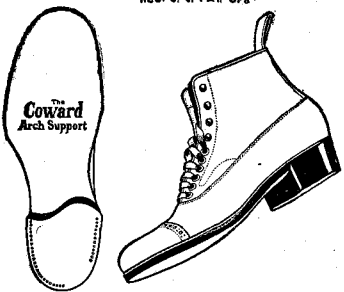
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however, is not the full amount called for. The full dividend is $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Before any dividends can be paid on the original shares in the company $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. must be paid on the preference stock. The outlook, therefore, for dividends on the original stock issue is not bright.

The London *Economist*, commenting on the payment of this $2\frac{1}{4}$ -per-cent. dividend, remarks that the company "has now reached a point where it may really be said to have emerged from practical bankruptcy and dependence for its existence on the good offices of Manchester." That paper does not regard the payment of dividends on the original stock as "immediately in prospect," but it sees "grounds for expecting that dividends will be paid at some time not so very far away—an event which a few years ago seemed out of the question." This forecast, however, it realizes to be dependent "on the assumption that Lancashire remains one of the world's industrial centers." The prosperity of Lancashire in recent years has been greater than ever before, and there are signs of further growth in the extent and variety of the business centered in that industrial county.

"The ship-canal is in a position somewhat analogous to that of the Great Central Railway with respect to the latter's London extension. The capital expenditure has been made, but the traffic, tho growing, is not sufficient to pay a remunerative rate of interest upon it. The rate of interest earned upon the capital of the Ship Canal Corporation, however, is steadily improving, as the following figures show:

	Ship-canal Tolls, Dues, Etc.	Total Gross Receipts	Net Revenue	Capital Expenditure	Ratio of Net Revenue
	£	£	£	£	%
1905....	449,436	729,973	235,616	16,373,037	1.43
1906....	498,837	791,793	268,208	16,486,427	1.63
1907....	535,585	835,366	292,734	16,617,101	1.76
1908....	506,975	776,368	264,626	16,729,154	1.58
1909....	534,059	803,497	291,951	16,790,491	1.73
1910....	555,735	820,809	301,326	16,798,526	1.79
1911....	580,841	857,976	299,238	16,838,958	1.78
1912....	605,179	902,526	313,743	16,865,249	1.86
1913....	654,937	1,062,030	341,089	16,829,222	2.02

"The fluctuations of trade are clearly marked in these figures, but over the period there is steady progress. A feature which encourages a hopeful view of the future is the fact that the ratio of working expenses shows no tendency to advance, thanks to the increase in rates of duty which have been made from time to time. In 1905 the ship-canal expenditure absorbed 55 per cent. of the receipts. Last year it absorbed 49 per cent., tho the elimination of the railway accounts from last year's figures had something to do with the alteration, as the railway works at practically no profit at all. In 1912, however, the ship-canal and railway expenditure absorbed 53 per cent. of the revenue, this figure being strictly comparable with the 55 per cent. in 1905. The Bridgewater Canal system is not a source of great profit, nor does the profit from it show any steady tendency toward improvement. Still, its net profits in 1913 represented 2.28 upon the capital sunk in it, which is a higher return than is earned by the undertaking as a whole.

"In the past ten years the gross revenue of the company has risen by about £300,000, and the net revenue by rather more than £100,000. It may not be unreasonable to assume that £80,000 will be added to the year's net revenue during the next ten years, of which additional fixt charges in respect of £500,000 of new capital at 4 per cent. will absorb £20,000, leaving

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£60,000 more available for distribution. The net income last year was £360,000, after adding rents and interest to the figure shown in the above table, and the fixt charges were, roughly, £320,000, so that in ten years' time, on the assumptions we have made, we might expect the surplus over fixt charges to be about £100,000. Interest on the corporation 3½-per-cent. preference stock at the full rate absorbs £37,143, leaving rather more than £60,000 for dividends in the share capital, which would permit of a 1-per-cent. dividend on the preference shares.

"If we assume that the shares would then stand at a price of £2 10s., so as to yield 4 per cent. (and unless the canal had reached its maximum earning power at that time, this would be quite a fair return in view of further improvement), the present value of this price, allowing 4½-per-cent. interest on the capital, would be 32s. 6d., which is just about their present quotation. The ordinary shares are worth just one-half as much as the preference, if the value of their right to all profits when the preference shares have received 5 per cent. be neglected. Whether the shares are worth buying as a lockup depends, therefore, upon the chance of the company being able to add to its net income at a somewhat slower rate than it has done in the past without incurring capital expenditure which is not directly remunerative."

By the Manchester canal the largest ocean steamers—at least this was true a few years ago—are able to enter the heart of Manchester, a city which before the construction of the canal was reached for ocean freight only by rail and mainly from Liverpool. The construction of the canal involved an outlay of \$75,000,000, of which Manchester contributed \$25,000,000, a condition of this appropriation being that Manchester should have absolute control of the enterprise. The canal is thirty-five miles long, wider than the Suez Canal, and has a depth of twenty-six feet.

ECONOMIC AFFAIRS IN GERMANY AND FRANCE

Correspondents of the London *Economist* have sent letters to that paper descriptive of economic and other conditions in Germany and France in the last week of September. The letter pertaining to Germany comes from Rotterdam, which in peace times is "the port for the great industrial districts of western Germany." Since the war broke out, Rotterdam has suffered almost as much as Germany itself from economic strain. This writer says of affairs in Germany:

"Rotterdam is now the best neutral vantage-ground from which to learn what is going on in Germany, not, of course, from Germans themselves, but from Dutch business men with connections in Germany who are continually passing to and fro between the two countries. The general impression which one gathers is that, despite all efforts, German trade is still paralyzed. The railways are now running more normally, at least for passenger traffic, and an attempt is being made to reopen the goods service for private transport. Nevertheless, private orders do not come in, unemployment increases, and the attempt to secure orders from abroad remains fruitless. In Essen, for instance, as I am informed by a Dutch visitor, the greater part of the town is idle. The Krupp works, of course, are employed at full pressure, but all other industries are as good as dead. Yet, despite this business paralysis, there remains in Germany a confidence in ultimate victory which is

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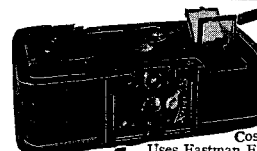
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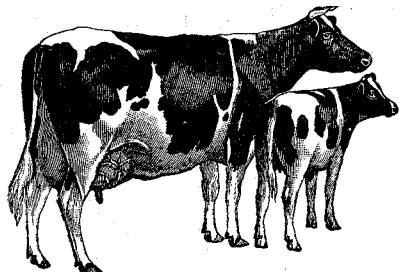
Nurse your baby, and its chances for life and future
health will be ten times greater than if it is bottle-fed.
You should drink freely of purebred registered Holstein
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Nurse baby at regular times, but never more than
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If you cannot nurse your baby, get purebred Holstein
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hardly realized in Great Britain. From
the Russian frontier a continuous series of
victories is reported; the Austrian with-
drawal in Galicia is explained very much
in the same way as was the Allies' retreat
in France, while, strangely enough, the
German check and retreat from the Marne
are received almost with relief, since, as was
reported to me, there was among many
people a feeling that the German armies
were being 'too successful,' and that a
temporary setback of this kind was
necessary to prevent the troops from be-
coming overconfident and careless. The
most popular event in the whole war has
been the appearance of the 'secret' siege-
guns, to which is attributed the German
success before Liège, Namur, and Mau-
beuge. In the popular mind there is a con-
fidence in the fetish which appears almost
startlingly childish.

"To a certain extent it is admitted that
the losses have been heavy. But this, it
is said, has been compensated for by
victory, and the reserve strength of the
people has hardly yet been tapped. A
significant commentary on this assertion
is the fact, openly admitted, that school-
boys of 16 and 17 years of age are being
called up into the ranks. One thing must
be admitted. Apart from the problem of
unemployment, which appears to have
got beyond the resources even of German
ingenuity, and which will only begin to
make itself felt in its real horror as winter
comes on, the civilian side of the war
service seems to have been admirably
organized. According to what was seen by
Dutch visitors, there is hardly a woman,
rich or poor, who has not got her special
work. The hospital service is said to be
in every way excellent, and innumerable
private houses have been given up volun-
tarily, either as hospitals or as convalescent
homes for the nurses themselves."

The letter pertaining to conditions in
France comes from Paris. Here conditions
at the end of September had so much im-
proved, the outlook for commerce and in-
dustry being brighter, that the removal of
the Government to Bordeaux seemed to
be quite unnecessary. Following are items
from this letter:

"Throughout August supplies reached
Paris with remarkable regularity, con-
sidering the immense strain imposed on
the railways by the transporting of troops.
The remarks I made in my last letter about
the cheapness of food still holds good, and,
in fact, the food position is steadily im-
proving. The possibility of reviving nor-
mal commercial and industrial activity is
receiving continually the closest attention.
As to trade in general, home trade is re-
covering slightly, in spite of the ravages
of the enemy, and overseas trade, thanks
to the safety at sea provided by the British
fleets, should improve gradually.

"The most formidable obstacle in the
way of repairing the machinery of com-
merce is the moratorium and the exag-
gerated extent to which the banks appear
to be availing themselves of its provisions.

"The recent census showed that there
were 18,000,000 people occupied in in-
dustry, commerce, and agriculture. Of
these, mobilization has drawn away 3,-
000,000. Five-sixths are left, and it is
essential for themselves and for the State
that they should earn their livelihood in
their trade, and so increase the productiv-
ness of the country. Among the 15,000,-
000 there are many, of course, such as
railway employees, agricultural laborers,
porters, etc., whose employment con-
tinues more or less as usual. Millions,
however, are normally engaged in manu-
facture, and it should be far easier than in
Germany to provide remunerative labor
for them. To this end a whole host of
schemes has been set on foot."

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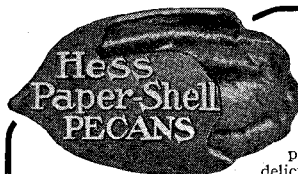
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women and have
built up as many more
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drugs, in the privacy of their own
rooms; I can build up your
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stand, to walk and to correct
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gestion, etc.

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Reference: Keystone National Bank, Manheim, Pa.



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CURRENT EVENTS

EUROPEAN WAR

IN THE WEST

- October 22.—General Joffre reports the Allied line solid between Nieuport, where the Belgians are, and Ypres. A German effort to reach the Oise from the Somme is successfully checked.
- October 23.—The Allies claim to have retaken Lille, while the Germans announce successes to the west of Lille and north-west along the Yser Canal. German troops are reported south of Dixmude.
- October 24.—In the Argonne region the French announce the seizure of Melzi-court, a village commanding the roads to the Aisne valley.
- October 25.—The Germans are crossing the Yser Canal, between Nieuport and Dixmude, pushing back the Belgians.
- October 26.—Tho at present across the Yser, the Germans are unable to proceed farther toward the coast or to reach Dunkirk. Nor do violent night attacks along the line from La Bassée to the Somme meet with success.
- October 27.—Allied gains are reported south of Dixmude, between Ypres and Roulers, and in the Vosges. In the Vosges, it is claimed, the Germans have been pushed back into Alsace.
- October 28.—Following the repulse of two severe night attacks, Paris announces, the German offensive between Dixmude and Nieuport is moderating.

IN THE EAST

- October 23.—Petrograd announces details of the Battle of the Vistula, between Novoe Georgievsk and Ivangorod, lasting from October 7 to 18, with the hottest fighting on the 13th. The Russian force of 1,000,000 claims to have routed the German 600,000 by a flank attack to the north. The victors are said to be advancing along the Pilieza River, southwest from Warsaw.
- Russia announces the capture of the heights of Radymno, north of Przemyśl, on the San.
- Rome reports Russian successes in ten days of desperate fighting south of Przemyśl.
- October 26.—Rome and Petrograd agree that the Austro-German Army in Russian Poland has failed to make a stand and continues in flight westward in the general direction of Kalicz, near the Prussian border. It is reported that the Germans are evacuating Lodz.

GENERAL WAR NEWS

- October 22.—At the opening of the Prussian Diet, among other war-bills is passed one granting a war-credit of \$375,000,000, secured by treasury notes payable before January 1, 1916.
- Lisbon papers report Portuguese troops to the number of 26,000 already at the front in France, tho their exact position is concealed by the censors.
- October 23.—Tokyo reports that the Japanese bombardment of Tsing-tao has begun.
- October 24.—The British Admiralty announces that the destroyer *Badger* has rammed and sunk a German submarine off the Dutch coast.
- It is announced that Lieutenant-Colonel Maritz's rebellion in South Africa has been practically quelled by force. No notice is taken of the Colonel's request to surrender with honor.
- October 27.—The British Colonial Office



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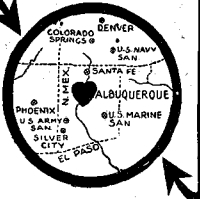
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learns from the Governor-General of the Union of South Africa that men and equipment are being commandeered in north Orange Free State by the authority of General de Wet and in western Transvaal by the command of General Beyers, to oppose the British forces.

October 28.—London announces that General Beyers's rebel command has been completely routed by the forces under General Botha.

GENERAL FOREIGN

October 26.—The Carranza ultimatum to the Aguas Calientes conference is made public. It includes demands for General Villa's retirement to private life; General Zapata's relinquishment of his army and abandonment of hostilities; and the future eligibility of General Carranza to election to the Presidency.

British Ambassador Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, in a communication to the State Department, assures this Government of England's intention to treat our commerce with the utmost consideration, but urges that in every case ships under American registry have the ultimate destination of their cargoes clearly designated.

Twenty-four men are found guilty of high treason in the conspiracy against the life of the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand. Serajevo, where the trial

is taking place, is at this time under bombardment by the Servian-Montenegrin troops.

The British Government releases the Standard Oil tank ship *Brindilla*.

October 27.—Carranza's demands for the retirement of Villa and Zapata are rejected by the Aguas Calientes conference, after a protracted discussion.

DOMESTIC

WASHINGTON

October 22.—Piqued at the rejection of the emergency-currency proposal for the relief of the cotton situation, Congressmen, led by Senator Hoke Smith, attempt a general filibuster. The War Revenue Bill is crowded through both houses, but adjournment is blocked.

October 24.—Congress adjourns.

GENERAL

October 22.—A five-inch rainfall near San Antonio, Texas, destroys 200 houses, renders 2,000 people homeless, and causes the deaths of fifteen.

October 27.—A double explosion in the Franklin Coal Company's mine at Royalton, Illinois, traps 106 miners behind a wall of fire, leaving little hope of rescue.

Travel and Resort Directory

Pinehurst

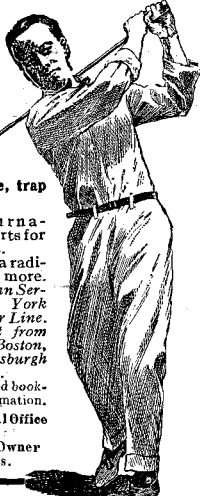
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